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THE NEW SIGN.

THE MIDSUMMER PUCK.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 18th, 1888.—No. 593.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS,

for this Occasion Only in the form of Polite Epistles.

I.

TO THE HON^{ble} BENJAMIN HARRISON.

PATRICIAN SIR:

It is a fair, commendable and courteous custom among those who are proficient in the Manly Art, to preface a contest, however earnest its purpose may be, with a cordial Shake, or Grip, of the hands. By this symbolic act the one combatant may be fancied to say unto the other, who likewise may be deem'd to respond in kind,

"Fair Sir, although within a brief space of time it is my sincere Hope, and stern Resolve, to Get In on your Nose, thereby Tapping your Claret, as the phrase goeth among the vulgar; and, moreover, should you return the compliment by Tapping me upon my Peeper, to Counter upon your Breadbag—although such is the bent of my inclination, yet I hold you an honourable adversary, and esteem myself much favoured in being thus permitted to bruise your Person."

Even so, Patrician Sir, *pugnaturus te saluto*, I, being about to do battle with you, most heartily assure you that I am sensible of the privilege of meeting an Antagonist whose form I may contuse in a spirit of friendly and admiring Esteem.

I have been given privately to understand, by certain of your friends, that you are a lineal Descendant of a former President of the United States, the brevity of whose Term of Office will, I trust, compare with your tenure of the same Post as the Ages of Creation with the Twinkling of an Eye.

I am told that you have ever borne with credit to yourself the honoured name bequeathed to you by this distinguished gentleman, and I make haste to express my Belief in this statement, for I am assured, that should you have in any way fail'd in this duty, I shall hear of it in the course of the next three months. And should such Report reach me, do not doubt but that I shall bring it to your Notice with all possible despatch.

It is indeed my purpose, Patrician Sir, to bring you, ere the gentle Zephyrs of the summer give place to the rude blasts of Hyemal Boreas, to a sense of the vanity of political Ambition and to an understanding of the lasting charm of decorous Privacy. If in the carrying out of this Congenial Task, I am obliged to make havoc of your Pride of Race, to disturb your confidence in your own Statesmanship, and to rudely jar your belief in the Morality and Disinterestedness of your Party, pray do not forget that Chastisement and Humiliation are but strengthening to the human Character, when they are experienced in that quiet and beautiful Retirement which alone is truly Conducive to meditation.

That, when the eager airs of November waft their invigorating Freshness through the hirsute Adornments of your manly Cheeks, you may, far from the Malarial Influences of Washington, D. C., have leisure to ponder on the great truth that Free Rum, combined with Costly Wool, is powerless to gild the Abode of impecuniosity, or to Waft Honest Labor into the Lap of Luxury, is the sincere desire of

Your Well-Wisher,

J. ADDISON PUCK.

II.

TO THE HON^{ble} LEVI PECUNIOUS MORTON.

OPULENT SIR:

To you likewise would I extend the Hand of genial courtesy, before, compacted into the Fist of correction, it ecchymoses your honourable optic.

I have it on good Authority, that the first Frost of November will silver with its rime an empty Barrel mark'd with the initials of your Name, and that the chilly breeze will have ample space to whistle through your depleted Treasury. And for my own part, Opulent Sir, I shall do what my poor powers allow to bring about such a state of affairs, by giving wide Advertisement of your ability and Readiness to assist the many deserving Poor of your Party, whose claims to eleemosynary aid will, no doubt, be urgently presented to you during the coming season of Harvest.

You are not, it is true, a Statesman of Distinction, nor are you the grandson of a deceased Potentate. You are not distinguish'd either in War or in Letters. Indeed, it is by a magnificent Pecuniosity that you are best known among your Fellow-Citizens. Thus it may seem that when, at the period when languid Autumn freezes into the embrace of jocund Winter, your compatriots fix your residence in the city of New York, your lot, uncheered by memories of Glory or dreams of Fame, must of a verity be hard to bear.

Yet should you face the prospect of comparative Penury with a cheerful equanimity, you will, it is true, be less opulent. But you may well console yourself with the reflection that your Loss is the Gain of the worthy Heeler, the faithful Henchman and the energetic Worker, and that those noble defenders of our Infant Industries will breathe a benison on your head as they proudly contemplate the one Industry which the American Politician has brought to a prosperous Maturity, and firmly established on a foundation of empty Barrels, of which yours is the Crown and Capsheaf. Believe me, Opulent Sir, your admiring

J. ADDISON PUCK.

III.

TO THE HON^{ble} GROVER CLEVELAND AND THE HON^{ble} ALLEN THURMAN,
VENERATED CHIEFS:

See you later.

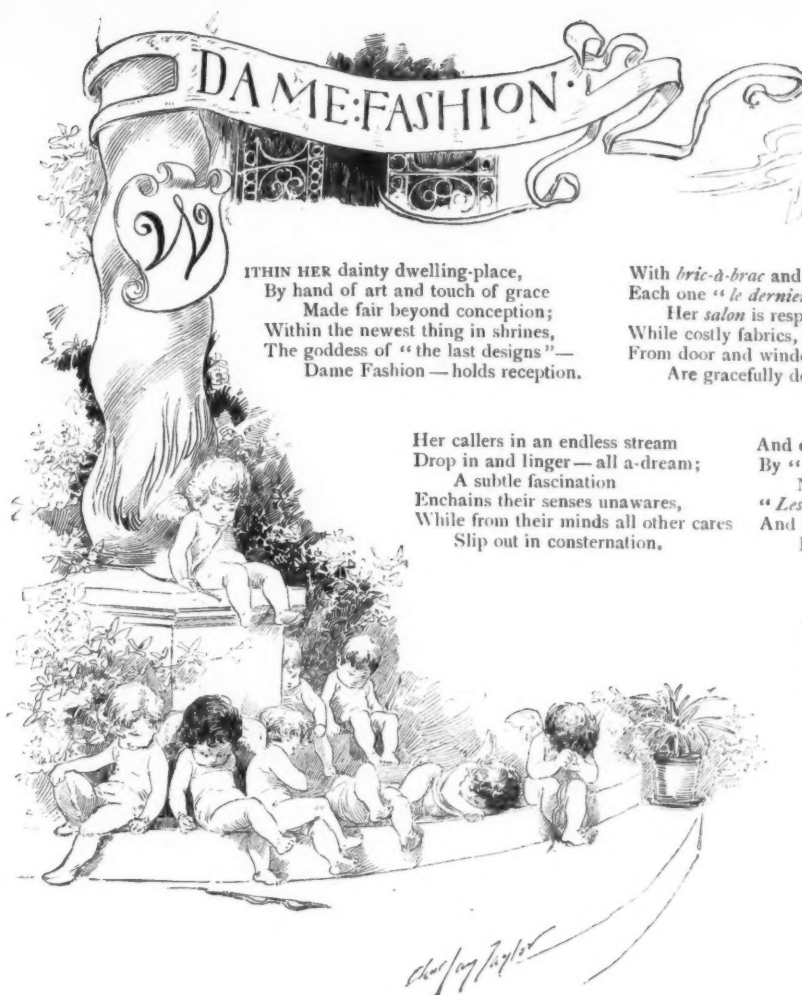
J. ADDISON PUCK.

BENEATH HIS DIGNITY.



MR. JOB LOTT.—Why is n't the store opened? What are you waiting for?

HIS MOST RECENT AND JUNIOR EMPLOYEE.—For the boy I have engaged to take down the shutters!



WITHIN HER dainty dwelling-place,
By hand of art and touch of grace
Made fair beyond conception;
Within the newest thing in shrines,
The goddess of "the last designs"—
Dame Fashion—holds reception.

With *bric-a-brac* and *bibelots*,
Each one "*le dernier nouveau*,"
Her *salon* is resplendent;
While costly fabrics, rich and rare,
From door and window everywhere
Are gracefully dependent.

Her callers in an endless stream
Drop in and linger—all a-dream;
A subtle fascination
Enchains their senses unawares,
While from their minds all other cares
Slip out in consternation.

And every one may there be found,
By "previous engagement" bound
No guest has e'er "regretted,"
"*Les nouvelles riches*" are there, of course.
And fair patricians out in force
Look pure, and pale, and petted.

All burning with the one desire,
All eager each to first inquire
Her hostess's intention
Regarding manners, *modes*, and more
Than I, unlearned in ladies' lore,
Could tell without invention.

But, as the guests descend the stairs,
The little duties, tasks and cares
That each should be fulfilling,
Upon their entrance laid aside,
Now join with pertinacious pride
Their mistresses unwilling.

And, (more important, too, perhaps,)
A row of chubby little chaps
Outside the doorway's grating,
Small Cupids (bless their little hearts!)
With bows unstrung and rusty darts
Have fallen asleep a-waiting.

S. D. S., jr.

DIVERS DIALOGUES.

A DEAD-SURE KNOCK-OUT.

HANOVER SQUEER.—It would be a good thing for that young Jack Dorr if the conceit were knocked out of him.

PARKE ROWE.—Great Scott! There would n't be enough of him left to hang clothes on!

BORROWING MONEY.

"Friendship is all very well," remarked Downes: "but, if ever I want to borrow a couple of dollars, I'll go to a casual acquaintance."

"Or, better than that, Upson," suggested Inskip: "go to a stranger."

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

ASPIRANT.—About how long does it take to complete a short novel?

OLD HAND.—About a year.

ASPIRANT.—A year! Is n't that rather long?

OLD HAND.—Oh, no! Two months to write the novel, and ten months to select the name.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"The force of habit in dogs is really very wonderful," said Mr. Coffey Brokaw, on the train the other morning.

"I never noticed particularly," replied Mr. H. Clay Pidgin, "as I know little or nothing about dogs."

"Well, now," continued Mr. Coffey Brokaw: "there is a bull-terrier out where I live, in the little town of Beattop, N. J., that every morning when the swell express train, called the 'Flying Dude,' departs, goes prancing up and down the platform in great excitement. And whenever this dog sees a swell in flannels, he will follow him home, and watch the house all night."

"What does it all mean?" asked Mr. H. Clay Pidgin.

"It means, simply," replied Mr. Coffey Brokaw, "that the dog belongs to an ex-sheriff."



BAD FOR WALTON.

EDITH.—Going to marry Link Walton? Why, I thought you hated him!

MAUDE.—So I do; and that's why I want to claim family privileges.

A PERSONAL GUARANTEE.

WASH. NICOLL (*the celebrated counterfeiter, absent-mindedly*).—Why are you examining that bill so closely? I know it's good. I made it myself.

SHE CORRECTED THE ERROR.

"Americans, I presume?" said the London hotel proprietor, as the party engaged rooms.

"Bostonians," corrected Mrs. Charles Rivers Massey.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE HONEYMOON.

BRIDE.—Henry, do you know that you snore?

BRIDEGROOM.—No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it.

BRIDE (*dryly*).—So am I.

IN GOOD CREDIT.

TOM BIGBEE.—How is Angy Tupper getting along of late?

ORRICE ROOT.—Very well, I fancy. He owes money to nearly every one he knows.

TOM BIGBEE.—Lucky dog!

The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes

by

LEE BILGE, ESQ.,

Formerly his Boatswain.

CHAPTER I.



THIS HISTORY,* which is indited within the gloomy walls of Newgate Gaol, recounts faithfully an ambitious but futile existence, destined to end very shortly in pendulous publicity.

Let me begin the record of disappointments with the first—my birth, which was a disappointment to all my family. I was the thirteenth child of my parents; and, as my father has frequently observed, thirteen is an unlucky number.

It is one of the disadvantages under which I labor in telling this simple tale that my name is not Robert Kidd, but Samuel McPherson. However, I shall not insist upon this detail. In the course of my troubled career my name has been many things beside McPherson, and now, as I am about to vanish from the face of the earth, I feel that it is but writ in mud upon the dreary shores of Time.

I conceived the idea of embarking upon a career of piracy at an early period of my existence. I was smarting under a sense of tyranny and confusion. My preceptor was a man of sedentary habits and an impaired constitution. His medical man had recommended light but constant exercise, for which purpose he generally used my person. I do not know that he ever expressed disapproval of my unwearying and assiduous efforts to please him by an agreeable variety of conduct and many diversified attentions, but he seemed to feel that he was bound to keep me up to a high standard of duty, as well as to improve his own physical health.†

Feeling that the time had come to take up arms against Society, I lost no time in convincing my young companions that the injury of one was the concern of all, and that through organization alone could we hope to combat the hydra-headed monster.

Thus was the League of the Black Outlaws founded, a solemn oath was sworn, and we waited patiently for an opportunity of revenge great enough to satisfy the hunger of our souls.

Alas! how often does the bright rainbow of Hope span the gloomy sky of this poor and dubious existence, only to fade away illusive in the bosom of the unexpected tempest! How often does the fair flower of promise spring up only to wither at the first touch of the destroying frost of failure!

Wandering one day reflective, by the shore of the mighty ocean near the institution with which I was connected, I observed, in a secluded cleft of the cliff, sheltered by overhanging rocks, a number of kegs, carefully covered with tarpaulins. I perceived at once that the smugglers who frequented that coast had temporarily hidden their booty, evidently intending to return at some more auspicious moment and transfer it to the usual hiding-place for such goods—the cellar of a highly respected Elder living near the kirk.

I lost no time in making a careful examination of the kegs and their



"His medical man had recommended light but constant exercise."

contents. Although at first I was disappointed at discovering that the latter were of a solid nature, my chagrin was changed to joy when I found that the kegs contained gunpowder. To assure myself of this fact, and prove beyond doubt that I had not mistaken the nature of the article, I had recourse to a simple, yet, I flatter myself, ingenious experiment. Carrying some of the stuff away with me in my pocket, I surreptitiously and clandestinely rubbed it in the hair of one of my young companions, subsequently applying a lighted taper to his head. He made no secret of his impressions and opinions, and I felt assured that I had discovered gunpowder, and that the gunpowder was good.††

Hope now smiled upon the Black Outlaws. It was clear that the smugglers would not return during the full moon, which at that time was regnant in the heavens. It only remained for us to remove the powder from the bottom to the top of the cliff; to place it at our leisure under the school-room, and to explode it during the quiet hour in which our hated task-master consumed his mid-day meal at his desk, while we innocent children frisked airily about our appointed playground.

We began our work at once. Night after night we stole out in little bands of two and three, and with infinite labor rolled the heavy casks along the sands, and up a winding path that doubled upon the face of the cliff, and led to the top.

Arrived there, we rolled our burden to a deep hole or gully, overhung with thick bushes and undergrowth, wherein the kegs lay safely concealed. Here we had the misfortune to lose one of our little band, whom we inadvertently rolled under a pile of kegs. His absence from the institution was not noticed, however. He was not generally considered an interesting boy.

Night after night we pursued our arduous task; and the moon had waned before we began to transport the last keg. It was midnight when we began our crowning labors, and the faint light of the morning was illumining the eastern horizon before our undaunted band had raised the keg to the top of the cliff.

Wearied with our exertions, we slowly rolled it into the gully, and carefully concealed it behind the bushes.

Thence emerging, I addressed my brave comrades:

"Brothers of the Black Outlaws' Band," I began: "our labors are at an end. We have done a noble work."

"You have," said a deep voice behind me.

I turned, and beheld a stranger; a man who was, as near as I could compute at the moment, some seven feet high and three feet in diameter. He held a cutlass in one hand, a horse-pistol in the other, and a nine-inch knife was tucked into the engaging smile that distended his mobile mouth.

"You have indeed done a noble work," he remarked, removing the knife from his mouth, and picking a stiletto out of his ear; "and the Associated Smugglers' Trust is deeply grateful to you for your generous coöperation. We



"I felt assured that I had discovered gunpowder."

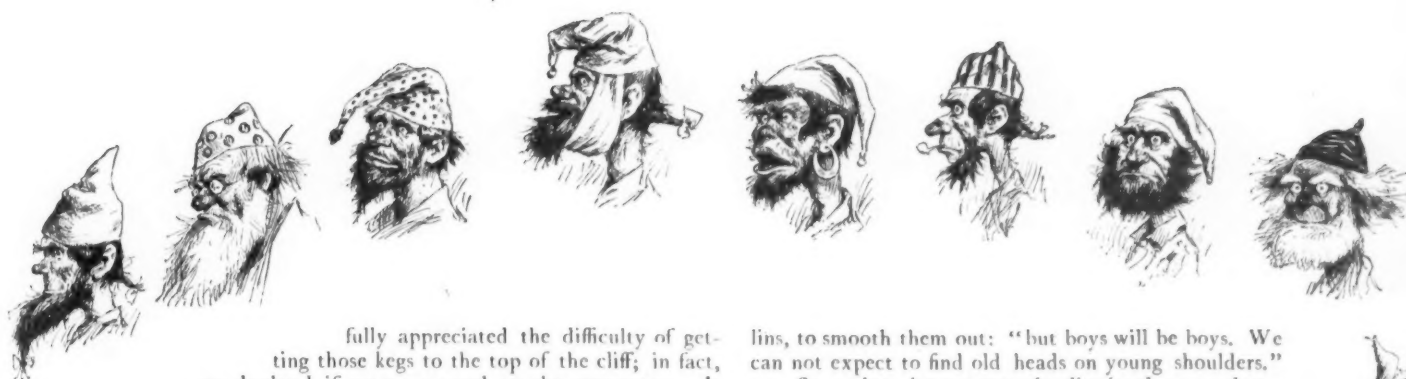
* The reader is respectfully Requested not to bleeve one word the Lait mr. Kidd says. Innerbility to Tell the truth was the one Faling of a Notherwise grait and nobel carracter. L. Bilge.

† Mr. Kidd was at This perood enjoyn the horspitalitty of The refoarm scool, wither he Went at the aidge of 12. L. B.

†† This may Explain the abcnce of Mr. Kidd's 2 best frunt teeth.

L. B.

THE MIDSUMMER PUCK.



fully appreciated the difficulty of getting those kegs to the top of the cliff; in fact, we doubted if we were equal to the emergency. It never occurred to us that you young gentlemen, in a spirit of pure benevolence, actuated, doubtless, by a desire to assist a struggling infant industry, would take this duty upon your young shoulders, and laboriously transport these heavy burdens from the bottom to the top of this very disagreeable cliff. You have, however, undertaken this duty, and have carried out your undertaking with praiseworthy fidelity. We deeply regret that the only means we have of expressing our gratitude is to thank you personally and individually."



"Night after night we pursued our arduous task."

As he ceased speaking, a procession of dignified gentlemen, varying from six to eleven feet in height,* emerged from the bushes, and addressed us in words of kindly compliment, gently patting our youthful cheeks with their blunderbusses.

"Fine lads are these," said the spokesman, as the procession came to an end: "and I am sure that they will be only too happy, having done so much for us, to go down once more and fetch the tarpaulins, which it seems they have forgotten. 'T was an oversight, but we must pardon much to the innocent thoughtlessness of youth."

Accompanied by a jovial delegation of our new-found friends, we descended to the hiding-place in the cliff, and carried the tarpaulins up to the gully. There our entertainers, in the most easy and friendly manner, directed us how to spread the heavy cloths over the kegs, and took the utmost care that we carried out their directions in every particular.

"A few wrinkles," said the spokesman, indulgently, as he rolled me lightly over the surface of the outspread tarpau-

lins, to smooth them out: "but boys will be boys. We can not expect to find old heads on young shoulders."

So saying, he courteously dismissed us, and we prepared to make our way homeward through the morning mists; when a thought suddenly came to him.

"Friends," said he: "I can not but think that we have not sufficiently testified our gratitude to these young gentlemen, who have saved us so much trouble by their unostentatious assistance. Shall we let their benevolence go unrecognized and unacknowledged? Nay! Let it not be said we were ungrateful. The honest smuggler may be but a rugged soul; but the kindly emotions born of gratitude still light his hirsute bosom. To-day we leave this place, never to be seen here again. I—I will make it my duty to apprise the principal of yonder institution of the arduous nocturnal occupations of his young pupils, and I doubt not that he will be pleased with their unselfish industry. Proceed, young gentlemen," and he turned to us: "proceed upon your way. I—I myself—will see that you are fittingly rewarded. I occasionally supply your principal with a cordial that he imbibes for the benefit of his health, and I will presume upon the acquaintance so far as to tell him how greatly we are beholden to him."

It was of a soft summer evening, two days after the occurrences above described, that the principal aroused me from a nap which I was snatching, in an upright position, which at that time I preferred.†

"My boy," he said: "I am sorry to lose you, for you seem almost necessary to my health. Yet perhaps it is better that we should part. To-morrow you will go to Greenock. I have apprenticed you to a saddler, who lives next door to a rope-maker, and over against a dealer in canes. I hope, my son, that a bright and lively future is opening before you. Sit down, my son. I do not insist that you shall stand in my presence."‡

(To be continued.)

†I have often heard him speak of the benefits he derived from the Morel Swasion system employed in the Schools of his boyhood.—L. B.

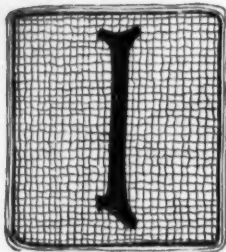
‡I hereby repete my cortion to them as redes this Book. mr. Kidd is not to be Bleeved under eny sircumstances wotever, bein born to lie and allays doon his best to carry out his destny.—L. B.



"You have," said a deep voice behind me."

* Allas at even this erly aje his Morels were spirituous.—L. Bilge.

WILLS.



HAVE LATELY been giving some attention to the various important wills reported by a venal press. I find them instructive. Austerely so. Not to say that the wills of the rich do not afford also real entertainment to many sensible people; but I speak of them from my own standpoint. So far they have not appealed to my personal sense of the amusing.

My abstract researches show that the style of wills is changing. They are becoming more magnificent. It is not an uncommon thing to find an heir receiving a million or two million dollars; to find a loving son—the hard-headed one of the family—in a position to

wipe away his more bitter tears with the stock of half a railroad; to see another loving son, who has shown himself properly possessed of the filial quality of "business judgement," taking his melancholy way up a fashionable avenue with the title deeds to most of it in his pocket.

This change in wills has been so sudden as to take many unawares. A young friend of mine, accustomed to the older and more modest and staid style of will, is an instance of this. He tells me that he had been living all his life in the same block with a young lady who about a year ago "married a chump"—I give my friend's own language—"a chump from Rochester. I thought nothing of the circumstances," he continues; "supposed it was all right; but now her father has died, and his will gives her a million—and there I was living right in the same block!" He says that he will go around that block more now, but I judge from his expressions of disgust that he will go around so fast—under self-inflicted kicks—that he will not have opportunity to much improve his acquaintance. "A million—and there I was living right in the same block!"

Wills are certainly growing very magnificent. But while it is a good idea that in a will a man should give as much as he can conveniently spare from his business, it is also true that too great cost in a fashion tends rather to discouragement than to healthy emulation. This may result in a deadly injury to literature.

Under the luxurious vogue now ruling, no uncle with any sense of the ridiculous will go to India, heap up a fortune, get himself forgotten and make a will—all for the purpose of leaving a nephew in the Sunday-school line "enough to buy back the old cow and the red farm" from the grasping farmer. Neither will there be bequeathed a "snug fortune of \$5,000" to the boy who five years before nobly refused to belt the devisor in the back of the head with a snow-ball. This is bad; not that I care for the boy's disappointment, but if school imps learn that ordinary decency is not paying large dividends, we shall all be snow-balled to death before we get our debts paid.

Formerly, with a few dollars' worth of personal plunder and a stock of good advice and sanguine expectations, a man could make a very nice and stylish will. The form was about as follows:

"I, John Peterby Williams, being in full possession of all my monumental faculties, do bequeath to my beloved wife, Nancy Lee Williams, in lieu of dower, dentrifice or dotal gift, my set of Plutarch's Lives and my MS. poems. *Item.*—To my son, William Williams, my uniform coat of the Goshen Guards, and the cost of probating this will. *Item.*

—To my daughter, Eliza Williams, the whole rest, residue and remainder

of my estate, whether real or personal, in action or in repose, wherever it may be found; and if not found, then she to pay the cost of the search. *Item.*—And I do will, bequeath, devise and execute, and do hereby release to my youngest son, Algernon Williams, my Waterbury watch, earnestly believing that while he is winding it each day he will have ample time for forming good resolutions, and that, in the brief intervals afterward, he will have no appreciable opportunity of falling away from them."

But this style of will went out with the cameo "breastpin." It is a singular reflection that the two qualities, size and value, received about the same treatment in each.

Williston Fish.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

MR. THURRY CARTER.—That ship yonder is the *Pontiac*, bound for the Land of Orange Blossoms.

MISS MARIE GOLD (twenty-nine, desperate, and humming Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" under her breath).—I should n't mind being bound in the same direction myself!

BYRON WAS NOT A SPECIALIST.

MR. HOWELL GIBBON.—I cawn't see, me deah boy, why you newspaper men poke so much fun at people who wear small hats. There was Lord Byron, for instance—only one man in a whole wedgment could wear his.

MR. BLEECKER STREET.—True, Howell; but you must recollect that that is n't his sole title to fame.

A BASE CONUNDRUM.

Why are watering-place love affairs like ball-players' contracts?

Because they are only engagements for the season.

A FREAK IN BOOK-MAKING.

"Gussie, what are you reading?"

"Paradise Lost."

"Is it good?"

"Dumpling! But it's very funny-looking."

"Why?"

"They don't have the words carried out to the end of the line, and no two lines are of the same size."

"How funny! Will you be at the Literary to-night?"

"Yep; will you?"

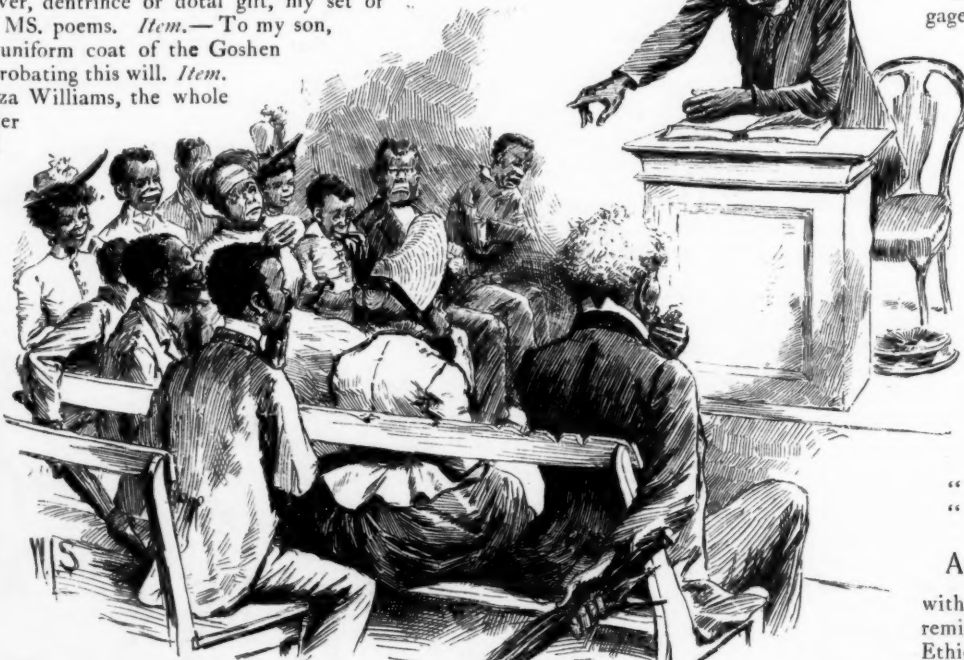
"Yep."

A POET, ON SEEING the dark bosom of the lake covered with lilies, observed that it reminded him of an ancient Ethiopian with white whiskers.

FIRST BLOOD—Royalty.

LADIES' DOUBLES—Angels.

THE LATEST FROM SHANGHAI—Cock-a-doodle-doo!



ENERGETIC MEASURES.

PASTOR (dismissing congregation).—De membahs what am pervided wid umbrallahs will please wait till I take a look at 'em. Sence de mysterious disappearance of my own umbrrella last Sunday, dar am a dark cloud ob suspicion floatin' over dis yer church, which hab got to be dispelled!

A SUMMER MORNING.

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the eastern sky with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels
Forth from day's path and Titan's fiery wheels."

—Shakspeare.



HERE IS TO ME a peculiar fascination in witnessing the breaking of day.

Nearly all of my life since early youth has been spent among city streets, hemmed in by walls of brick and stone; and these environments I know are not calculated to enhance the wonderful beauties of nature: yet I find my chief delight all through the months of summer in wandering about the city streets and parks at early dawn.

When I begin my morning walk, even the sparrows are drowsy and twitter faintly from the eaves and cornices. In the houses, quiet, with drawn blinds, the citizens of the great city lie deep in slumber while the fresh air of morning fans my cheek. It is the cool, delicious hour before the feverish turmoil of another day begins: and when the gilded cross on the church spire, touched with the rays of the rising sun, bursts into flame; and clattering hoofs, and hurrying feet, and tinkling bells, and all the sounds of city life become merged into one busy roar, I turn with confidence to meet the cares and perplexities of daily life, refreshed by my early walk.

It is possible, too, that some of my pleasure on these occasions comes from the remembrance of my boyhood days in the country, when I sometimes rose before the sun and hastened away up stream with my fishing pole before the trout had been to breakfast; for memories of that time do come to me, and though I pass through narrow city streets and tread on pavement stones, I seem to see the dark wood; I seem to steal along the mossy bank and gently toss my line into the curling brook: and then I have a vision of a flashing trout thrown high upon the bank in boyish excitement, and landed gleaming and flapping in the dewy grass.

I determined last summer to visit my old town once more, for the sole purpose of taking one or two early morning walks among familiar scenes; and accordingly one Wednesday night in August I took the train from New York, reaching Ridgeville about twelve o'clock. I had been obliged to work day and night since Monday to get my affairs in shape to leave, and when I reached the little hotel that night I was completely tired out. My knock brought the landlord—a stranger to me—to the door in his bare feet, carrying a smoking lamp, with which he lighted me upstairs to a little room at the front of the house.

It was stifling-hot. I moved the bed so as to bring my head close to the one window, and, undressing, lay tossing about, oppressed by the heat and the total lack of air stirring in the room. A few mosquitos annoyed me, and I feverishly imagined that the millions of them singing outside the window screen would get at me before morning. The extinguished lamp had left an odor in the room which was rather unpleasant, also.

I fell into a troubled sleep at last, however, but after a very short time, as it seemed to me, I heard the sound of voices, and awoke to see that day was dawning. I felt warm, unrefreshed and dazed, as I lay half awake and listened to the twittering of sparrows in the trees outside, and the hum of conversation from the verandah beneath my window. I was conscious of the rumbling of a wagon along the street, and I heard some one on the verandah cry out:

"Hello, Pete! Goin' ter git in yer hay t'-day?"

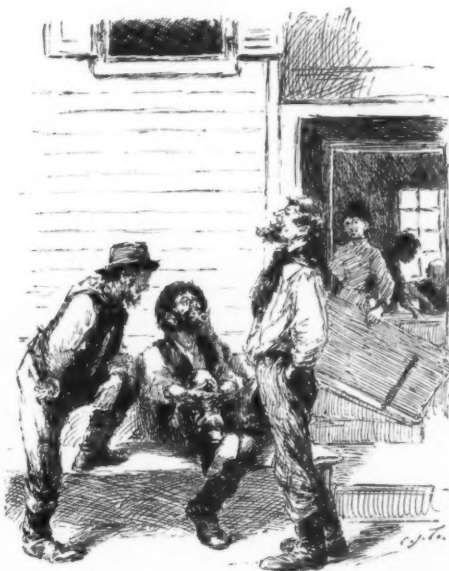
The rumbling ceased, and the driver called out:

"Mornin'! What'd ye say? Wagon made s' much noise I did n't hear ye."

"I ast ef yer was goin' ter git in yer hay t'-day."

"Yes, I be ef it does n't rain. Looks a leetle like it over yonder. Git up!" And as the wagon rattled and rumbled slowly down the street, I reached for my watch. It was five o'clock.

I raised myself on my elbow and looked out through the window. Away in the distance I saw the green wood and long shadows cast by the early morning sun. The air, tremulous with heat, close by was filled with dust raised by the passing wagon.



I lay down again, thinking I would sleep until seven o'clock, but the continued hum of conversation kept me awake.

"Say, Bill!" one of the men said: "the Squabtown Sunday-school folks goin' ter hev a picnic over in the grove t'-day, 'n' all th' gals 'll be down with white dresses on. Guess we'd better go over, eh?"

"Ridgeville gals is good 'nough for me," was the answer: "but here's Jabe; he'll go over with ye, I guess. I see him drivin' over toward Squabtown Sunday nights after dark with that knee-sprung Hambletonian o' his'n. Say, Jabe! Why don't ye drive over in the cool o' the evenin' afore it's dark? What are ye 'shamed of, Jabe, th' gal or th' horse?"

"Oh, that Hambletonian's all right," said another: "he may be a leetle springy in th' knees, but he's got one good eye, 'n' I guess he's got teeth 'nough left t' eat grass, 'n' that's all he gits, ain't it, Jabe?"

I began to wonder whether it was of any use for me to try to sleep any longer. The perspiration gathered on the back of my head and neck, where they sank into the pillow, and the heat seemed to be increasing; but I lay dreamily listening to the scraps of conversation which came floating in.

"Harvey," said some one: "what ye goin' ter do to-day?"

"I'm goin' to cradle my wheat ef I don't hev ter wait all day for that air post-office t' open up. Jim might 's well keep her shet up altogether. I'm darned ef 't ain't kep' shet pooty nigh th' hull time now. I've ben waitin' half an hour, 'n' I guess I kin wait 'n' take it out in waitin'. You Democrats was goin' ter raise thunder when you got the offices, was n't yer? I golly! I can't see any beneficial change t' speak of yit."

"What d' ye want ter git into th' office fer, Harvey? They ain't no mail t'll ten o'clock, 'n' I see ye in there las' night after th' evenin' mail come in."

"Well, 't ain't nobody's business, 's I know of, why I want ter git into th' post-office: that ain't the *idea*. The *idea* is, th' post-office is kep' for the accommodation of th' people, 'n' 't ain't no business ter be kep' shet!" and I heard his chair strike the floor; then his feet shuffled as he tipped it back again against the side of the house.

A buggy rattled up, and the driver called out in a brisk voice:

"Say, Ev! Can't I git ye t' come up 'n' help me dig p'tatos t'-day?"

"Well, I dunno," answered Ev, musingly: "I kinder half promised Hez Woodin I'd help him cradle. Where ye goin' ter dig, John? up in th' old Smih Fowler lot?"

"Yes. Hez ain't goin' ter cradle ter-day, Ev. He's goin' over ter Squabtown t' take a load er wimmin folks t' the picnic."

"Well, I guess I'll go 'long with ye, John," said Ev; and as the buggy wheel scraped in turning, some one called out: "Keep kinder shy o' that cider jug t'-day, Ev!" and then, with a rattle of spokes and flapping of harness, they were gone.

The low talking continued, the sparrows chattered incessantly, and from a distant field came the drowsy click of a mowing machine, as I again lost consciousness.

Almost immediately after I had dropped asleep, however, there came a knock at the door, and some one called:

"Breakf'st's all ready, sir!"

I got out of bed, and saw that it was six o'clock. The sun was shining brightly into the room; three or four flies buzzed around, as I poured some warm water into the sticky wash-bowl and peeled the shaving of soap from the bottom of the soap-dish.

The verandah was deserted, and the conversation that I had listened to about an hour before seemed like a confused dream.

Well, as I say, there is a peculiar pleasure to me in rising at day-break; but I believe I like it best in the city, where it is n't so common.



Morris Waite.



THE PUG-NOSED GIRL.

I DO REMEMBER me, in these faint and weary days, of the youth of my spirit, when I wandered fancy free through such works as those of the mortal Junius Henri Browne. And I do, moreover, remember me of a remark of his which went thus: "Her nose was divine, inasmuch as it delicately pointed toward heaven." Whereat I was wont to laugh, knowing that thereby did Browne signify a pug-nosed girl, with large gray eyes, and a sunburst of ambrosial curls that filled the earth with white horses.

Now that the sandpaper of adversity has scraped the gloss off my youth, and exposed beneath the varnish some of the cheapness of the natural material, I laugh not at the pug-nosed girl. I smile at her. For, verily, I do conceive that she is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

But, alas! the philosophers are not with me. Authorities on personal beauty, from Winckelmann to Henry T. Finck, say that a nose should be straight. Brother Finck says that the Greek artists, who made straight noses, took their ideal of the divine nose from the contours of childhood. Their gods and goddesses possessed no cavity at the root of the nose; and this, quoth Finck, is characteristic of youth. "Later in life," he continues, "these cavities (brain cavities) bulge forward and produce the hollow, which is, therefore, an indication of superior cranial development and higher intellectual powers. Hence, as Professor Kollmann suggests, the object of the Greek artists in making the nose of their deities form a straight line with the forehead, was probably to give them the stamp of eternal youth."

But why should a straight line be beautiful in the midst of the gracious contours of the human face? The curvilinear prospect is that which wholly inspires the artistic mind. Does not even a small boy, even one who has but one eye, and sees but one-half the glory of nature, rejoice more in the curves of a dog's tail, a velocipede, a he-goat, a mince-pie, a foot-ball, a marble, a silver quarter, or what not, than in the eternal youth of straight lines in the square of the hypothenuse or the instructor's ruler?

And what is a small boy, with unkempt hair and freckled cheeks,

with seven warts upon his hands, and the essence of joy in his heart, but the incarnate spirit of eternal youth, not yet jangled out of tune by the shadow of age and the inevitable wrestling for the wherewithal? Does he bite his lips if the world grows old and kingdoms fail, if commerce vanishes into "trackless, blue immensity," and the tariff swells like the shadow of doom, if the school keeps or not?

I tell thee nay.

He rejoices, and is strong in his youth and in the devious curves thereof, and gives not a continental wrack—whatever that is—that a straight line is the shortest distance between two places. And in proof of this, when he goes upon an errand, he holds in practice that the longest way 'round is the shortest way there. Which is abundantly proven by professional errand runners, called district messengers.

Even a base-ball pitcher knows that a curve is beautiful, and that, moreover, to the length of his belief and experience, it is the shortest distance between the places, namely, himself and the catcher. He would not pitch in a straight line if he could.

These things show that there are both beauty and eternal youth in curves, and argue that the Greek artists did not well when they made the foreheads and noses of their gods run into one another in a straight line.

Better is the mild and gentle hollow at the root of the nose, and better still the wide and deep excavation on the upper surface of the organ of smell, which gives it the aspiration of divinity, according to the mortal Browne.

Moreover, if the girl with a straight nose obeys the time-worn injunction and follows it, whither will she tend? Surely around and around the earth on a parallel of latitude, a meridian of longitude, or, what is more difficult of navigation, a rhumb-line. But if the girl with the pug nose follows it, she goes as straight to heaven as smoke on a windless day.

It may be that my more conventional friends and fellow-citizens will laugh at me for loving a versatile nose. Yet I have thus much merit: I do not love the prehensile nose of the tribes that refused to be lost. These noses are the antipodes of the innocent and heavenward pug, which is dear to mine eyes.

And lastly, brother—let us whisper this softly, with an accompaniment of low music—the pug-nose interferes not with the divine institution of osculation. It is beneficently turned upward out of the way, and leaves the lips free and undefended, so that you may impress thereon a salute, a friendly touch, or a slow print of love.

Sonny, this is where the pug-nosed girl has the everlasting bulge on her sisters.

Tricotrin.

A FIENDISH WISH.

"You blame me for spending my money as I like," said a capitalist. "It belongs to me, and is mine to dispose of as I see fit."

"Yes, but the enormous wealth which you possess entails responsibilities that—"

"Oh, I've heard all that before!" interrupted the capitalist: "I only hope," he added, with infinite weariness: "that some day you may be rich yourself."



HE SWALLOWED A SPHERE.

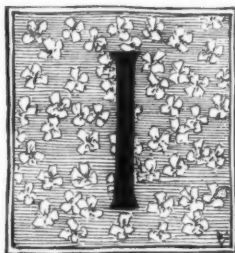
MRS. REAGAN (*who lives over the hill*).—Av you judes doan' shtop sindin' me poulthry home shtuffed full o' base-balls, Oi 'll have th' law an yez!



A NARRAGANSETT EVENER.

MISS UNA WARE.—Why, Mama, here's Mr. Steele! You remember how pleasantly we met him here last season?
MR. BESSEMER STEELE.—This is Mrs. Gorham Ware—and Miss Ware?
MISS WARE.—Why, yes.
MR. STEELE (*who had been crushed when he attempted to renew acquaintance at the Patriarchs'*).—Well, Mrs. Gorham Ware—and Miss Ware, you'll pardon me if I say that I can't consent to be simply on liquid terms with your family.

WHY I LOVED HER?



LOVED MY LOVE because she loved me,
And because her hair was black,
And in bewitching ringlets hung
A-down her shapely back.

And later on, when quite *à la mode*,
Her hair assumed a golden hue,
I loved her even more, perhaps,
Because it was the fashion to.

Year after year has since rolled by,
And now her hair is gray;
Yet I love her still, because I know
My love has come to stay.

Clarence Stetson.

SHALL REJECTED MSS. BE ACKNOWLEDGED?

A *Writer* writes to the editor of that publication to ask if he should, if courtesy demands, or if editors expect an author to acknowledge the receipt of rejected MSS.

The editor of the *Writer* thinks that such acknowledgement is scarcely necessary or expected; but, after all, is n't the suggestion a good one, and would n't a popular form be acceptable for the use of the inexperienced? For instance:

Editor —Dear Sir:

Your favor of, returning "The English Sparrow's Lament," and expressing pain that it was not found available, just received.

In acknowledging its receipt, allow me to assure you that of course I understand that the large amount of manuscript which you receive precludes the possibility of individual criticism; also, no one can appreciate better than I that rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit.

It is easy to see that you may have so large a quantity of accepted manuscripts on hand that it is deemed best not to increase the supply; or you may have on hand or engaged an article similar in character to mine, or any of a hundred other reasons which you and I understand perfectly. I cannot conclude without thanking you for making several little alterations, in blue pencil, on each page of the manuscript, which will, I am positive, carry great weight with it when I submit the article to the editor of the, which I intend doing as soon as I can save pence for the necessary postage, which should always be enclosed in case return of manuscript is desired.

I wish also to express my appreciation of the name, address and

number written on the back of the last page, and the artistic picture made by your filing hook, which will, no doubt, prove a great convenience to future editors to whom I may submit the MS. Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain,

Yours courteously,

A. LIMITLESS GALL.

Such little tokens of appreciation, would, I am confident, increase and cement the friendly feelings between editor and contributor, each cheering and strengthening the other with his little printed formula of appreciation and good feeling, and the *Writer* writer's query may, after all, not prove so verdant as it seemed.

C. N. Hood.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

What funny looking things these Foreigners are!
Ano Gaikoku Jin wa Honni Okashiné!
(Which, being translated, means the same as the above.)

The Summer Campaign.

(A Wise General Changes his Tactics at the Proper Moment.)

PREPARATION.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—We shall be at Saratoga four weeks—I think Eleanora will need thirty dresses.

WATERS (*the modiste*).—Yes, madam.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—That will give at least one new one every day.

WATERS.—The black lace costumes will admit of several toilets, madam.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Then add six more. I won't have my daughter fixing up the same dress, one day with a red ribbon, the next with a blue, like an actress.

WATERS.—Oh, certainly not, madam!

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Not by a long shot, indeed!

WATERS.—You want the costumes elegantly simple, I suppose, for Miss Cræsus. She is so young.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—No, I don't. Nothing of the sort. I want the best right through, and lots of it; and I'll pay for it.

WATERS.—Very well, madam.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—If Cræsus *did* make his money in a corner in boot-tops, it's all in Government securities now, and is as good as anybody's.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—I saw Doctor Montague this morning.

MR. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—Professionally or casually?

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—Professionally. I have been quite anxious about the girls. Dorothea is very languid; and Priscilla too, is decidedly drooping.

MR. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—I had n't noticed it.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—A mother's eye is keener. The Doctor thinks both need a tonic, and recommends August at the Spa.

MR. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—H'm!

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—I think with care and burying ourselves at Backwoods during the early summer, we can manage a week at Saratoga later.

MISS BROWN.—That will be quite too jolly.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—You will need to make the most of it, young Doctor Darlington will be there.

MISS BROWN.—Are you sure?

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—Perfectly. He is quite *à pris* now with you; spoke of your classic bust and profile at the Hospital Tableaux.

MISS BROWN.—I'll wear my hair in a Greek coil, and have my dresses additionally *décolleté*.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN (*dryly*).—That will not be necessary. I think you might alter your style somewhat, however. I believe he admires yielding, clinging women.

MISS BROWN.—Ugh! I don't. He, though, shall find me a "mush of concession."

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—You are too frivolous. A little diplomacy is a small price to pay for his fine establishment.

ATTACK.

(On the Hotel Piazza.)

MRS. CRÆSUS.—You find America a little different from England, I s'pose, Lord Baritone.

LORD BARITONE.—Oh, quite, you know; and most refreshingly so.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Why, really, now, I did n't s'pose you'd say that.

LORD BARITONE.—I find everything charming, notably the American girls. (*Mentally.*) And their money.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Do you really?

LORD BARITONE.—Oh, perfectly, you know. So simple and unaffected in the midst of such really colossal fortunes, you know.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Yes?

LORD BARITONE.—Oh, I do. Miss Cræsus, in her simple white gown, for instance, when she might wear velvet and gems, betrays such charming taste, you know.

MRS. CRÆSUS.—Oh, she won't wear anything else. (*Mentally.*) I'll wire Waters to-night for a dozen; she has n't one to her name but that on her back.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—You were saying, Mr. Midas—
MR. MIDAS.—That I so much admire hearty, healthy girls.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—And I, too. I am particularly fortunate in that respect in my own daughters.

MR. MIDAS.—You are, indeed.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—They are never ill, and really have most wonderful powers of endurance.

MR. MIDAS.—They seem perfectly well.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—Oh, yes. We all are. Dr. Montague says he would starve if he had many such families as ours among his patients.

MR. MIDAS.—I doubt if he has, however.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—And I. It is a crying evil of our present society, the languid, drooping girls that seem so large a part of it.

MR. MIDAS.—I quite agree with you.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—When we talked of coming on here, my daughters were quite horrified lest people should think they needed the waters.

MR. MIDAS.—Oh, no one who saw them could say so.

MRS. CADWALLADER-BANKS.—I told them that.

MR. MIDAS.—They are most refreshing pictures of health.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—Ah, my dear doctor, none but a mother can understand the anxieties of a mother's heart.

DR. DARLINGTON.—And I am only a bachelor.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—It is no jesting matter. In my widowed state I realize that when I am gone, Edith will be wholly alone in the world.

DR. DARLINGTON.—Miss Brown seems a young woman of resources, however.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—Oh you mistake her. She is the most timid and dependent of girls.

DR. DARLINGTON.—Indeed!

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—Oh, yes; it is the wish of my heart to see her provided with a suitable protector.

DR. DARLINGTON.—I can fancy that.

MRS. K. NEWTON BROWN.—She needs one sadly.

DR. DARLINGTON (*sotto voce as Miss Brown approaches*).—Yes—a chest-protector.

Philip H. Welch.



THE OLD RED BARN.



THE OLD RED BARN!

Four little words that make me young again. I see it now, just as I saw it more than thirty-five long years ago, standing under the great elm, across the road from the farm-house. Red?—well, it surely was once, or it would never have grown brick-brown. Father remembered when it was painted, and he said that you could n't have seen a sunset when it was between you and the west.

It must be that my eyes are better than they ever were; for to-day, though the old red barn is more than five hundred miles away, I am looking right in at the open doors. It is a summer afternoon, and the barn is open clear through. I can see the swallows flying in and out. Against the broad sunshine beyond I can see the dust, rising and floating up from the floor and the bay. There comes the team from the meadow! It is the last load of hay, and such a big one! I wonder if they will get it safely here? It totters terribly. There—Father and Fred are propping it up with their forks on the heavy side, as

they walk along. I know a certain rut in that old meadow road, cut in the spring when they carried the plows down. If the off wheels get into that, the load is over. Now they are coming to it. Hello!—what is the hired man doing? He is running over to the other side of the load. No—he is jumping. There goes the load—right on Father and Fred!

Well, we have them out. Fred is reaching for thistles down his back. Father is looking for the forks. He does n't look very pleasant, and is muttering something. Boys, let's go back to the barn.

The load is here at last—that is, part of it. They are going to make two trips. How the horses struggle and stamp on the boards, as they rush up the incline and come steaming in! How the hired man shouts, and exhorts, and says bad words long after the struggle is over and the wheels are upon the barn floor! Come—let's climb up on the hay and help "mow away."

It's awfully dusty and hot up here, is n't it? You did n't bring up any "nubs" in your pocket, did you? I'd like to peg at that swallow's nest where the beams are pinned. The old ones are flying around like mad. Must be the eggs have hatched.

"Hello—where are you, Harry? Why, the hired man has covered you up! Stop, Sam!—let Harry get out. Say, Father—can't Sam stop mowing away till Harry gets out?"

"Come down out of there, every one of you! Bothering us to death when hayin' is at the worst. Now go into the house and stay there till supper time."

How the days fly and the years fly, and the boy becomes a man!

To-night there is a husking bee and a dance in the old barn. Who are there? Why, all the young men and the young ladies (no longer boys and girls!) for a dozen miles around. *She* is there. When she came in, her bright eyes fell right on mine, and mine on hers. The hot blood seemed to singe the very roots of my hair, and I know that my ears looked like red lanterns.



We have been husking corn together. A red ear turned up (not mine), and—no, I did n't do it. I was afraid to. But our eyes met, and—you might look through Webster for two months, and not find just exactly what I want to say here.

Now we are dancing on the old barn floor, swept as clean as Mother's

kitchen. I don't know who else are dancing; I don't even know who is fiddling—though I rather think it is Harry, poor fellow! One of her little hands is nestling in mine. My right arm is around her waist. The music goes this way and that way, and the dancers go that way and this way, and the lanterns are swaying under the beams, and there is a swimming darkness beyond, and—what was that awful mental crash? Your father has come, and it is time for you to go!

"Good-night, Nellie!"
"Good-night, Paul!"

A squeeze of the hand, and a great lump in my throat that must have come up out of my heart, it is so light.

And all this was twenty years ago—so long a while, so little a while! Well, God bless the old red barn!

Paul Pastnor.



HEADED OFF.

"You ought to see that baby of mine," said young Mr. Turtle, with suppressed enthusiasm: "he's a remarkably forward child for his age—only five months old, and he can—"

"Ah, yes," interrupted Mr. Kidweary, with a suppressed yawn: "five months old—that's a very interesting age with children—at least, I've found it so with all mine—got eleven, you know. You see, by that time they've got all their teeth, and they're running around the house, and just beginning to talk a bit, and to learn pretty little tricks, and—oh, I beg your pardon—you were going to tell me something, were n't you?—something your child could do?"

"Oh, no, nothing—nothing," stammered Mr. Turtle, uneasily: "he—he—can sit up straight. Say, is n't that Jaggles across the street, there? I've got to see him about a bit of business—sorry I can't wait—good-day!"

THE MOVEMENT in favor of cheap funerals, which, by the way, is only a very old notion revived, has already met with success in certain localities. Should it prove generally successful, the only members of the community who can find fault, will be those useful artisans called upholders in bygone days, but now known as undertakers, overreachers and funeral directors. Time was when they could leave the widow penniless after she had settled their extortionate bills; but the outlook is that, when the history of the coming era is written, it will be found recorded, under a date not far from the current one, that instead of the widows, the overreachers have been overreached; or, as Daniel has it in his "Civil Wars":

"Instead thereof, if we 't example look,
The undertakers have been overlook."

IN THESE DAYS, the long-headed artist paints a picture that will serve for advertising purposes, and has it hung in the Academy. The soap or insurance fiend sees or hears of it, and offers the painter a very fancy price, and the painter reluctantly accepts. This is truly the age of business.

LIFE on the briny must be very lonesome; but it has its bright side. A sea captain can go forth to take a walk at any time without any fear of being swooped down upon by a tree agent or the drummer of some patent window-b'ind concern.



RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

IT WAS early morning in the pretty little village of Werchobistritzkiol; and Solovitch was but an hour high in the glowing heavens; the dew was still sparkling on the grass. Early as it was, the villagers were astir. Michaelvonovitch Pandalenrikio, the village baker, had taken down his wooden shutters, and had given morning greeting to Nicholiskizovitch Disukiskiskoff, the grocer across the street, who was sweeping the pavement in front of his little shop.

Simeonskirovitch, the butcher, and Mandalzizziokoffski, the milkman, were merrily joking with old Dietwosmikiskafto Mediarovitch, the cobbler, before his little shop.

The door of a vine-clad little cottage opened suddenly, and a maiden clad in white appeared and walked toward the thick, dark, cool forest back of the village. She was Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch, daughter of the wealthiest man in the village. By her side gamboled her little white dog Fidovelovitch. He ran barking from her side in mad pursuit of a golden butterfly; returning, he jumped up before his mistress, soiling her pretty white gown with his wet and dirty paws.

"Down, Fidovelovitch!" she said chidingly: "down, sir, you—ah, is it thou, Dimitredistovelokou Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch?"

"It is I, Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch," said the young man; for it was a young man who had come suddenly from the forest.

"Why art thou sad, my Dimitredistovelokoff?" asked the maiden, noting his gloomy face.

"Ah, Alexievonamagdra, if I could only know that I was indeed *thy* Dimitredistovelokoff," he replied sadly.

"What meanest thou, Dimmy?" she said tenderly.

"Ha! dost thou not know? Thy father hast not told thee? Last night I spoke to him about our marriage. He spurned me, and said thou wert to wed old Simoenovkolokoffskivitch, the rich vineyard owner."

"Simoenovkolokoffskivitch!" gasped the maiden: "I marry *him*? Never! I would sooner wed with old Zokosokosokoff, the one-legged serf!"

"My darling!" cried Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch, clasping her to his breast: "Come! Let us fly! My little yacht, the white-winged Delovonoskifidiuk, lies there on the bosom of the Fritchdelogaffodasski Lake; let us fly to Szastoserskaiaotoff, or to beautiful Komorovogetzki, on the banks of the Dinovilvaddleskinkio—come, love, come!"

"My Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch!" she cried, sinking wearily into his arms, after speaking his full name twice: "I am thine!"

THE END.

Zenias Dane.



ABORIGINAL SUSCEPTIBILITY.

MAN-WITH-FRAVED-EAR.—What for you cry?
MAN-AFRAID-OF RED-HEADED-HORSE.—Injun think what dam shame he's Injun!



THE LATEST AT THE WINDSOR.

BRITISH VISITOR.—Is me luggage ail down the lift?

HOTEL CLERK.—Yes, sir.

BRITISH VISITOR.—Have it put on the stage for Boston, me boy; and, me boy, if you'd send along one of the drivers that Bret Harte and Mark Twain have made so familiar, you'd oblige me!

A GUILLESS BRIDE.

"Jinny!" screamed an Arkansas woman to a girl of nineteen, seated in a fence corner, with a rapt expression on her innocent young face.

"Whacher want?" replied the pensive maiden.

"Whacher doin' out thar?"

"Aw, jist a-playin' in the sand an' watchin' a ant fight."

"Well, cayn't you find nothin' better 'n that to do on your *weddin'* day? Now you march right in hyar an' put on your shoes and curl your hair, and git into that new green and red kaliker gound. And be mighty spry, too; it's bad luck to delay a weddin', and your Paw and the preacher and Jim'll be here 'fore you're fixed if you don't fly 'round. And don't let me ketch you playin' in that sand pile with your weddin' duds on, or I'll whurp ye; even if ye *air* merried, so I will!" Rex.

YE GODS! would it not be funny

If we should ever see

The bark become visible on a dog,

And audible on a tree?

WHEN GIRLS in the vicinity of Brick Church, N. J., enter society, they are not known as "buds," but as "Orange blossoms." But there are more oranges than blossoms out there just now.

IT IS SAID that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. This may be true, and then again it may not. But there can be no uncertainty about this: The only good poet is a dead poet.

WE HAVE just read of a great reduction in camel's hair brushes. From the shagginess of the camel's hair, we should think he would prefer a good coarse comb.

FORCE OF HABIT.

LOUISIANA POSTMASTER (who is assisted in his duties by his YOUNG BRIDE).—Why, Mary, what are all these postal cards doing here? They should have gone in the last mail!

YOUNG BRIDE (who was a Massachusetts school-mistress).—Oh, I have just put them aside until I should have time to correct the spelling!



A bunch of ballads

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

"O SELIM, you gave me a glorious ride!
Neck by neck — close to Starlight — you kept side by side;
And the words that Jack whispered you could n't but hear,
For I saw your eye wink, and you pricked up one ear.
And when he leaned over and kissed me, I hid;
For I knew you were *peeping* — yes, Selim, you *did*!
Now, answer me, Selim, was that only man's way?"
And Selim replied with a comforting neigh.

"Mama tries forever to make me believe
That man is a monster who lives to deceive;
That 'far from the eye' meaneth 'far from the heart,'
'Where 't is easy to love that 't is easy to part.'
Do you think Jack loves me? — you heard what he swore —
Is it true I'm an angel? He vowed so — and more.
Speak, Selim, you know men's queer customs and ways."
And Selim responded with two distinct neighs.

"O Selim, you're wrong! Sure, you misunderstood;
My Jack is too truthful, too noble and good —
I've known him, you know, for three weeks and a day!
Hark! I'll ask you the question a different way:
Men never, no never, break promises — do they?
And they never forsake the poor girls whom they woo? They
Don't *ever* deceive?" asked the artless young maid.
And Selim obligingly three times neighed.

E. M. C.

CONTRABAND.

INSPECTOR CUPID strode the deck
And gazed, a stern beholder,
At BESS, who stood where moonlight gleam'd
Like DIAN's timid shoulder.

Odds Hearts, he cried, *there's smuggling here!*
BESS started, but dissembled;
But I, struck by his blue and gold,
Look'd guilty, and then trembled.

Enough! 'T is very plain, said he,
You're confiscate to duty;
LOVE'S TARIFF, SECTION ART, includes
The arts of youth and beauty.

BESS pleaded voyage the first [but, ah!
Her fatal hesitation!]
I dropped upon my knees and made
A zealous declaration.

She then confessed, and CUPID hummed
The air of LESHIA's sparrow;
And while he claimed a custom-kiss
I tipped him a new arrow.

Herbert L. Doggett.

THE FATAL TOPIC.

SHE talked of poetry. Her voice
Sank to a cadence soft and low,
The while she murmured in his ear
Some rhymes she'd written, years ago.

She talked of music, with her hands
Astray among the ivory keys,
Playing a rippling "gondolied"
That brought his soul upon its knees.

She talked of art. Her blue eyes shone,
Her fair cheek flashed, and, as he sat,
He thought: "By Jove! what pictured face
Could better be worth looking at?"

She talked of friendship, till he felt
That friendship was man's greatest good;
And when she quoted Emerson,
He looked as if he understood.

She talked of love. The hour was late,
It may have been because of that —
But one thing certain is, that when
She talked of love, he — took his hat!
Madeline S. Bridges.

THE SUN.

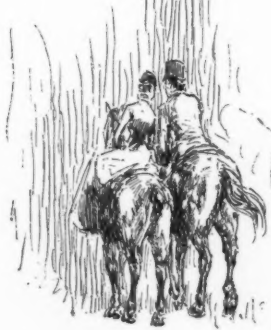
IT rises over yonder hill —
A flaming golden cup;
Its kisses light the crystal rill
And wake the flowers up.

It makes the murky shadows fly,
It makes the apples glow,
And in the peaceful summer sky
It sets the bright rainbow.

It gilds the cloudlet's fleecy wing,
It draws the purple sea,
Spills roses in the lap of spring
And wakes the belted bee.

I see it now its tresses shake
'Way down the West, and know
It flies to China-land to make
The sweet tea-roses blow.

R. K. M.





STYLE.

WHAT is this charm imperious
we call style?
This subtle something words
can not convey;
So rich, so potent, and so
volatile,
To which all men their
willing tributes pay?

'T is not a thing of ruffles, tucks and shirrs;
It does not always smile in silks and lace;
Wealth oft, in searching for it, widely errs;
Nor does it often reign in Beauty's face.

I've seen a queen who yet possessed it not;
A king once gave a beggar-maid his hand;
I've seen a stainless soul without a jot,
And I have seen one stained whose style was grand.

The wafture of a hand, a look, a tone,
The grace that waits upon a radiant smile,
The dress, the carriage, and the cheek fresh-blown,
Are vassals all of this that we call style.

Whatever 't is, 't is Nature's high bequest,
A gift that she might lavish in a fit;
But, whether I have right or wrongly guessed,
Would Heaven my lady had a little bit!

The Carp.

A COUNTRY HOTEL table
is very much like a
horse in motion, in that it
never has all its feet on the
ground at once. Eating
dinner off a certain Adiron-
dack table that we could
mention, was equal to a
horseback ride of two miles.
If it had not been for the
shaking the table gave the
diners, the food would proba-
bly have made them dyspep-
tics for life.

YOU can tell a dry-goods
clerk on a railroad train
by the way he fishes a pair
of scissors out of his vest
pocket and commences clip-
ping the raw edges off his
cuffs.

IN CHICAGO SCHOOLS, the
place of honor in every
class is at the foot.



(From the Local Paper.)

Strayed from Home — A Brindle Cow, attached to a milking machine. If the
finder will return the cow, he may keep the machine for his trouble.

J. PETERSON.

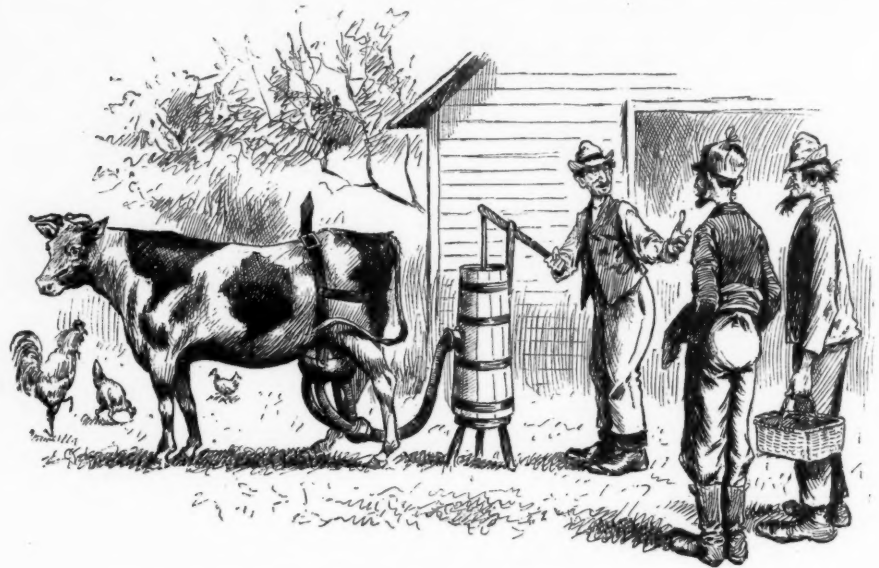
AFTER THE MORNING SERMON.

JOHNNY. — Ouch! Yah-r-r-r-oh! Yie-p-p! — d-d-don' take th'
b-b-ack of th' b-brush! G-g-g-rh!! I won' d-do it again — Ow-wow-
wow!!

GRANDMA. — John William, your father's mother is nigh on to eighty
years old, but she worked a well-sweep all her festive youth, and the next
time you feel like giving her a grasshopper in place of a clove, during the
solemn service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, you don't want to do it!
(Clip — swipe — swat!)

EDISON ALMOST ECLIPSED.

It Might have Startled the Scientific World — but It did n't Quite Get There.



PETERSON'S INVENTIVE HIRED MAN. — Now, gentlemen, this is my great Hydraulic
Milker, patent applied fer. I've be'n workin' on her fer over two months, an' now I'm
a-goin' to try her; jes' stan' back a little!

NINE OUT of ten Kentuckians will simply
sneer when you tell them that a camel
can cross the Desert of Sahara without water.

SOME PEOPLE can't stand the jar.
Others can't stand the jug.

IT IS THE water-melon that should
be called the pump-kin.

A FASCINATING TALE —
The Peacock's.

A BOY RECENTLY tried to
bend the crab at the
sea-shore. But the crab
had a grip like a dry-goods
drummer, and was possessed
of the characteristics of the
buzz saw and the political
heeler. So he took four
fingers; and that boy, should
he take to music, will be a
greater success on the bass-
drum than on the piano.

DRAWS WELL — Tea.

WE ARE TOLD, by no less an authority than the Cyclopædia, that the
water-rat is in the habit of supporting itself on its hind legs. In
this it closely resembles the trained circus poodle, who with its hind legs
supports its owner.

THE HARDEST branch of learning grows on the birch-tree.

POETS SHOULD remember that a certain species of lily is known as the
Nelumbo. It is a good thing to know when wanting a rhyme for
chicken gumbo in a restaurant circular poem.

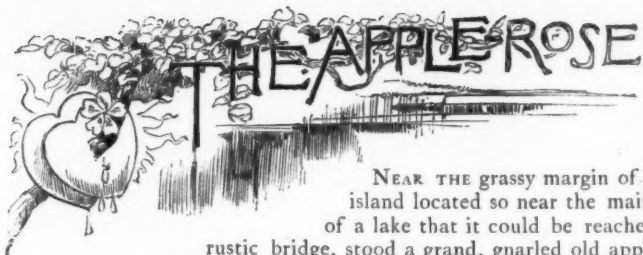
RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"We don't want any poetry, young
man," said the editor: "we have enough
on hand to last longer than the paper."

"I am not a poet, sir," replied the
young man, indignantly: "I am selling
a soap warranted to remove oil, tar,
pitch, or stains of any kind, from the
finest fabrics of the loom down to
three-ply carpets. You do me a gross
injustice, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the editor,
contritely.





NEAR THE grassy margin of a little island located so near the main shore of a lake that it could be reached by a rustic bridge, stood a grand, gnarled old apple-tree. Its branches grew out to a great distance on all sides, and gave it very much the character of a tent.

Under this tent, when its black shadows fell on the gold-green grass, and its leaves whispered rustling messages to the breeze, two little children, Tom and Ethel, would come and play.

Swift and pleasant passed the hours when they played "house" on the mossy carpet under the old apple-tree. They called the tree itself the house, the trunk being the chimney, and the hole therein, near the ground, the open fire-place. It was a lovely, cool house, always fragrant with a flowerful breeze, and covered with rippling green shingles, through which the merry sunbeams darted and disappeared among the wild flowers.

One day while they were playing, Tom proposed to Ethel that they should marry when they grew up. Ethel thought it would be just too jolly for anything; so they were engaged on the spot.

No sooner had the agreement been made, than a large, white double rose burst into blossom on one of the branches, and exhaled a rich and delicate incense.

"That is because we two love each other," said Ethel.

And Ethel was right. The superb double rose, whose snowy pinions were so sweet and lovely, sprang into existence on the branch of the apple-tree as an emblem of the sweet innocent love of these little children.

"Let's pick it," said Tom.

"It might be unlucky," said Ethel: "let's leave it alone, and whenever we think of each other, we will think of the rose; and when we see the rose, it will remind us of our agreement."

So the rose was left to bloom and wither on the branch. But it did not wither. On the following day it was gone, and both Tom and Ethel were very sad to think they could no more see the beautiful white rose that was the emblem of their love. But they would remember it by calling their tree-house White Rose Lodge.

They were playing "house" under the same green tree one day, about a year later, and while looking up through the leaves at the soft blue sky, the same white rose appeared to their delighted eyes.

"This is the same day that it appeared last year," said Ethel: "and it has come again because we still love each other."

Sure enough, it was the anniversary of the day upon which they had acknowledged their mutual love.

But the day after its second appearance, it again vanished. On the same day of the same month on the following year, it again blossomed forth on the apple limb, mysteriously to depart on the morrow.

And so it kept on year after year, until Tom and Ethel had grown up and were married. As they were married upon an anniversary of the day upon which their love was declared, the rose was whiter and larger and lovelier than ever, and White Rose Lodge was truly a bower fit for Love to live in.

And so the apple-rose bloomed year after year, until the anniversary last June; and probably the reason it did not then appear was because Tom and Ethel were divorced in May.

R. K. Munkittrick.

CRUEL.

MRS. CHILSLEY. — I see statistics show that seventy-five per cent. of male criminals are unmarried.

MR. CHILSLEY. — Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony.

And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.

SUMMER SCRAPS.

THE GREAT COMBINATION is to be both right and President.

THE SPIDER is happiest when his life is hanging by a thread.

IN THE political race, any politician is satisfied if he gets a place.

SIGNING THE temperance pledge might be correctly termed, "dropping corn."

WHEN YOU SEE a hen eating parsley, look out for the eggs that make omelettes *fines herbe aux*.

JUST LANDED — The Purchaser of the Building Lot.

IF THERE is nothing in a name, how is it that building lots can be sold in a swamp, when the latter is called Lansdowne Grange or Windermere Ravine?

A MAN OUT in Illinois advertises a toy sheep whose wool renews itself when worn off. An overcoat made of this particular kind of wool would fill a long-felt want.

WHEN.

WHEN YOU see a boy sliding down-stairs astride the baluster, and driving his heels into the spindles, as though to increase his speed,

When you see the same boy practising mumble-peg on a beautiful antique oak writing-desk,

When you see him holding on to the top of the upright piano, while he dances on the ivories with his feet,

When you see him leave a volume of the Cyclopaedia wide open on a plush-covered chair under a tree in the midst of a heavy shower,

When you see him lighting matches on the newly-kalsomined walls, and playing tennis against a wall covered with choice paintings,

When you see him riding on the door of the sideboard, and driving nails into the stairs with a silver soup-ladle,

Then you may know that he is a member of a family that is renting a furnished house for the summer.

STILL AN OPEN QUESTION.



THE PRETTY SUMMER BOARDER. — You know a great many people think it's unlucky to go under a ladder, Professor; do you believe it?

THE PROFESSOR. — My dear young lady, nothing is more absurd than popular superstitions. I'll go under it at once, to show you my contempt for such follies!



The Professor would have proved his views better, however, if the hired man had not lost his hold of the apple basket just then.



1.—*He Engages Board.*—Seven pieces of silver per week.



2.—*He is Shown His Room.*—"T is but a scurvy kennel; methinks 't will be hotter than a Dutch oven up here!"



3.—*The First Meal.*—His Host.—"Thou dost not like apple pie for breakfast, eh? Truly, thou hast a proud stomach. Dost want the earth?"



6.—"Odds bodikins, but 't is a passing curious thingamajig!"



7.—"Ye gods, why did I not have this suit of armor made air-tight?"



8.—He woos the maidens of the village —



9.— —and defies their fathers with impunity.



10.—*He Attends a Picnic of the Villagers.*—"Beshrew me, but 't is a m

MIDSUMMER PUCK.



4.—*Takes a Ride Through the Village.*—“By my halidom, if there is any mashing to be done here, meseems I can take the entire contract myself!”



5.—“Now, all the Saints defend us! The Crusades in the Holy Land were nothing to this!”



11.—*Next Morning.*—“Now do I much wonder whether I have a head upon my shoulders, or a barrel—a murrain upon these pestilential picnics!”



12.—*On Leaving, His Host Presents a Document.*—“Prithee, good Sir Knight; just cast your eye over this here little bill for extras. An thou dost not settle up, I will get out an attachment on thy horse and thy tin suit of clothes!”



13.—*His Parting Soliloquy.*—“Now will I seek the cozening knave who told me that summer boarding was the proper thing, and with this good sword will I carve him until he looks like unto a plate of corned-beef hash!”

rew me, but 'tis a most pleasant company! Another quart of sack this way!”

THE COUNTRY.—A MIDSUMMER STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BALLADS OF THE TOWN.

VI.
KITTY'S SUMMERING.



HAVE YOU SEEN e'er a sign of my Kitty?
Have you seen a fair maiden go by
Who was wed in this summer-struck city
About the first week in July?
How fair was her face there's no telling;
She was well-nigh as wealthy as fair,
And of marble and brick was her dwelling,
On the North side of Washington Square.



Have you seen her at *Newport* a-driving?
Have you seen her a-flirt at the *Pier*?
Is she written among the arriving
At the *Shoals* or the *Hamptons* this year?
Or out where the ocean bird flutters
Are the sea-breezes tossing her hair?
For closed are the ancient green shutters
In the house on North Washington Square.

So you too are trying to find her?
Then climb up these stairways with me,
That twist and grow blinder and blinder,
Till the skylight near heaven you see.
Is the sun my dull studio gilding?
Ah, no, it is Kitty sits there —
She has moved to the Studio Building
On the *SOUTH* side of Washington Square.
H. C. Bunner.



MALARIAL PRONUNCIATION

SCENE—Village Drug Store. DRUG CLERK (alleged) building wind-mill behind prescription desk. TIME—All day.

OLD LADY (coming in, and seeing top of head over rail).—Mornin', Ezry!

DRUG CLERK (pounding his fingers).—S-s-s-wp!—mornin'!

OLD LADY.—How 's trade?

DRUG CLERK (in aspirates).—Blank—blinkity—blunk-blink blank! that blink—blanked, round-headed hammer! (Affably.) Pretty fair, considerin'. Pep'mint drops?

OLD LADY.—Five cents' wuth, as cust'm-ary, an' 'bout 'n ounce of quinine for Father. He 's got 'm agin.

DRUG CLERK.—Sho! This quarter's punch-ed; but, seein' it 's you, Miss Gidney, I 'll circulate it on some one that can better 'ford to lose it. Mornin'!

OLD LADY.—Mornin'!

DRUG CLERK goes back to his work as an artisan, draws a nail, splits hub of wheel irreparably, blink-blanks some more, and LITTLE GIRL appears.

LITTLE GIRL.—My mother, she wants nine cents' worth of keeneen, 'n she 'll pay you to-night when she comes down to the village.

DRUG CLERK points at sign, which hangs over soda-fountain, and calls the attention of LITTLE GIRL to the legend that:

"To trust is bust;
No trust, no bust."

And LITTLE GIRL goes out.

DRUG CLERK, tired of architecture, makes a figure-four of himself in doorway and a solitaire bet on the result of a cur-fight going on in the street.

VILLAGE PASTOR walks by, turns back, and, hurrying past the soda-fountain as an implement of ungodly possibilities so far as the lower left-hand spigot is concerned, goes to back of store. CLERK follows him in, crawls under drop-counter shelf, and puts on a cold, religious brace.

DRUG CLERK.—Good mornin', Mr. Baker.

VILLAGE PASTOR.—Good morning, Mr. Musgrave. I want a small box of Green's bronchial troches.

DRUG CLERK.—Yes, sir. Here they are. Fine sermon of yourn, yisterday!

VILLAGE PASTOR (looking over his glasses).—I did n't see you there.

DRUG CLERK (a little disconcerted).—No, Mr. Fitts was to White Plains, 'n I hed to tend shop. Sister give it to me in the evenin', though, most word 'r word.

VILLAGE PASTOR.—I see. Mr. Musgrave, are these troches entirely fresh? It appears to me that these—r-r—blooms on the box bear a strong resemblance to—r-r—that is, so to speak, they indicate the past visitation of flies.

DRUG CLERK (examining box critically).—Guess that box is a leetle mossy. Mistakes will concur, Mr. Baker. Here 's a box that came in yisterday. (Surreptitiously, and while the VILLAGE PASTOR is sampling cough-candy, wets his finger and wipes off end of box which has been exposed to the light.)

VILLAGE PASTOR (with his teeth stuck together by a piece of the candy).—Z-that 'll z-h do, Mr. Mushgab—(getting his jaws

apart with a snap)—now, if you will put me up a small kewneen powder, I 'll run along. Thanks. Good morning.

DRUG CLERK.—Good mornin'. Call ag'in. He come pretty nigh floorin' me on the sermon racket.

VILLAGE SUPERVISOR enters in his shirt-sleeves.

DRUG CLERK silently draws seven fingers of medicated rye, from the aforesaid left-hand-lower spigot. VILLAGE SUPERVISOR drops it into himself with a d—l th—d, puts down ten cents, and goes out. Comes back.

VILLAGE SUPERVISOR.—Ounce of quinein.

DRUG CLERK.—Yes, sir. Extrac' or powder?

VILLAGE SUPERVISOR.—Think I 'm a magazine? Extract!

DRUG CLERK.—Yes, sir. When 's the new hose-cart comin'?

VILLAGE SUPERVISOR (mysteriously).—Wait 'n' see. (Goes out again.)

DRUG CLERK.—Ole Baits 'll bust his proud-box one 'r these days. (Resumes the figure-four pose.)

DOCTOR (bustling in with a two-gallon can).—Fill her up, Ez! move lively! Hen Purdy 's all swelled up again. Quinnine 's the only thing that 'll fetch him. Got to pump him full. Put it on the slate, will you? So long. Hold up! Gimme a swallow of the extract quinn. Kind 'r chilly this morning. If old Hildreth comes in, give him the same dose and charge him stiff. I 'll take commission out of the soda-squirter to-night. Day-day.

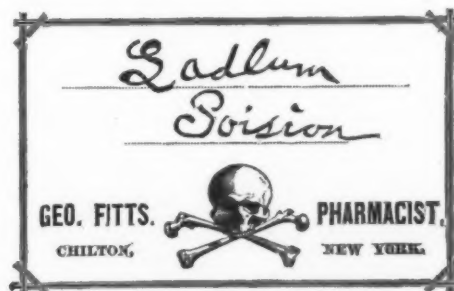
DRUG CLERK (looking over account book).—Doc's accaount 's gittin' pretty stiff. Seventeen dollars 'n ten—no, twelve cents. Guess we 'll have ter set on his neck nex' time ole Van Age gets took 'n' pays up. He always tells when he pays his bills.

LITTLE BOY (sticking his head around the door-post).—Got any extrac' of Juniper?

DRUG CLERK (suspiciously).—That won't work, Toast Fickett! You wan' me ter say "yes," so 's you can ast me why I don't ketch one an' nip him with it. There ain't no butterflies on this posey—not to any great extent. Say, why ain't you to school? Guess I 'll have to speak to Mr. Gibbs—

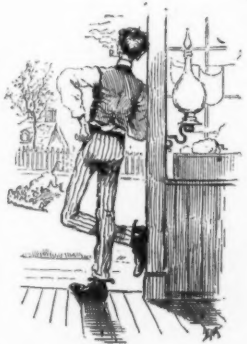
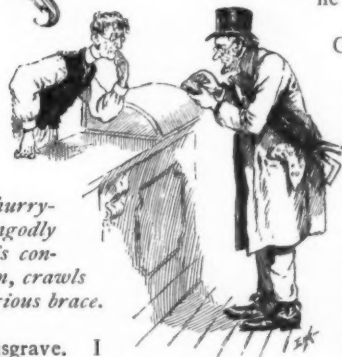
(Throws a squeezed lemon at the boy, reconsiders the action, goes out after the fruit, squeezes two more drops out of it, and puts it away to dry for peel.)

During the rest of the day, fourteen towns-people and an emancipated slave come in, and ask respectively for k'neane, quinnin, quinenine, kaneen, queenin, kwanine, queenann, kewnine, some-of-that-air-stuff, quinenean, k'n, quean, fever-buster, and q-q-q-n-n-in-i-chk, leavened only by one little boy who orders an ounce of "laudlum," which the Drug Clerk puts up cautiously and labels:



DRUG CLERK (putting up shutters at 8:30 p. m.).—Glad it 's night. I can't help thinkin' what a fine taown this would be for one o' them earth-quake to strike. Find ev'thin' already a-shakin' for it, 'n—d-d-d-darned 'f I f-f-feel jest right myself. G-g-guess I 'll go in 'n' take a s-s-s-s (d—n them hiccups) nifter 'f q-q-q-n-n-n my (br-r-r-r r-rgh) self.

James S. Goodwin.



"THE MOUNTAIN AS THEY AIR"

A FRAGMENT



OVERHEAD THE vast, monotonous expanse of blue, the delicate, ethereal hue of the horizon, deepening by imperceptible gradations into the azure of the zenith. At times came great squadrons of white-winged, fleecy clouds, which drifted aimlessly through these unknown seas. Underfoot an illimitable stretch of green, extending away and away, rising and falling in huge billows, surging up to the rocky cliffs. It was as if some great sea had suddenly congealed at the height and fury of a tempest.

But none of these thoughts, truly, occupied the mind of Salvisy Thompson, as she wended her way with a basket of eggs along the mountain path in the dewy morn. She was wondering, as maidens often will, even amidst the most beautiful scenery, whether she should see him or not this morning. She was clad simply in a short calico dress and a sun-bonnet; her feet were not otherwise protected than by the pachydermatous covering which nature affords. Prolonged exposure to the air and telluric deposits had imparted to them a rich Murillo tint.

As she turned an angle in the road, she came upon the object of her affections. He was a tall, polyangular fellow, whose watery green eyes resembled those of a boiled codfish. His attire, too, was as simple, consisting of a pair of trousers, an unbleached cotton shirt, and one "gallus."

"Hi y're, Jim!"

"How d'ye, Salvisy!"

A simple greeting you will say; but do you think that a Boston young woman and a Professor of Ontology could have improved on it?

Jim stared vacantly for several minutes at a green worm with a thousand and one legs, and then proceeded: "How 's all your folks?"

"They're well. How 's all you-uns?"

"Pap's right smart better."

Far below them the bright river hurried eagerly over the shallow riffles, as if it longed for the repose of the deep pools beyond. On the other side lay the whitewashed shanty known as the Springs Hotel. From it issued the deluded fishermen who were sallying forth at the expense of three dollars a day for board, two dollars for a boatman, and seventy-five dollars' worth of fishing-tackle, to catch a catfish worth eight cents.

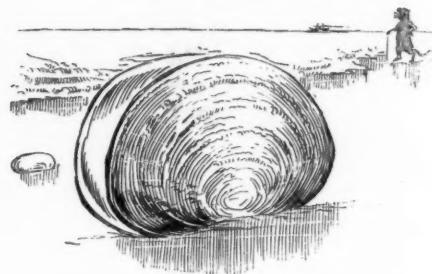
The air was filled with the humming of bees, gathering honey sweeter than that of Hymettus, and with the delicate perfume of the laurel blossom. From the balcony of the hotel there arose "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." 'T was the equine cachinnation of William K. Jinkinson, the summer clerk. One laugh may not make a summer, but William's came near to doing so. The afrighted echoes repeated the sacrilegious sound, and it rolled and reverberated fiendishly adown the valley. How strange that one could cachinnate so irreverently in this great cathedral of nature, whose walls were the everlasting cliffs, whose arches were formed of living green, and whose dome was the blue empyrean! Yet William K. did it, (perhaps I should say "done it,") and heeded not of the morrow. For he knew that on the morrow he would return to the city with his best girl, and that he would stand below par with her thereafter. (No pun intended, and none, it is hoped, taken.)

But again I digress: to return to our sylvan lovers. Jim relieved his pent-up emotions by a prolonged yawn, and arose. "Wall, I reckon I better be er trav'lin'," he drawled. Salvisy offered no opposition to his going. Taking up her basket of eggs, she proceeded on her way to the Springs. J. Ford Barbour.

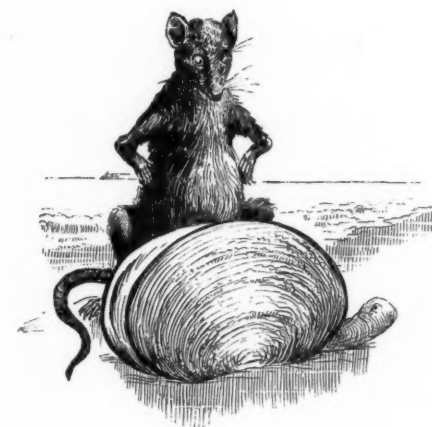


CLAM-MINER. — Say, Bill; I've been travelin' this beach, man an' boy, fer nigh on ter forty year, but I'm dod-buttered 'f ever I see a clam run afore!

THE MANUFACTURE OF A NATURAL CURIOSITY.



LEISURELY RAT. — Hullo! — Wonder what that is — 't ain't cheese —



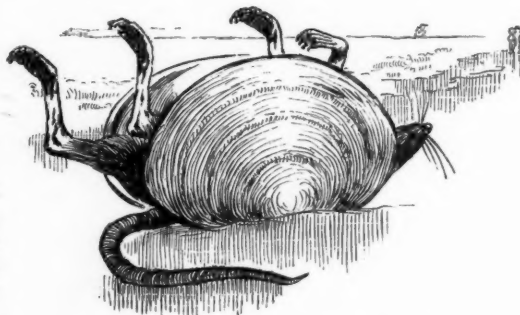
and it ain't exactly a nest —

A GOOD NAME to designate the vileness of ocean-resort cigars would be "sea weeds."

YOU CAN always distinguish a bishop's head by his episcopate.

IN JAPAN THE frog is the symbol of falling water. In this country the Quaker enjoys that honor.

IT IS A Western prevaricator who tells the story of the poodle whose hair is three-quarters cotton.



Must be some new kind of a bed. Guess I'll try it.

THERE IS one beautiful thing about the present fashion of wearing knee-breeches in the summer. It gives the impecunious young man a show to cut off his expenses and his old trousers-legs at the same time.

A BRAKE HAS been invented by which a passenger can turn a lever and stop the train. This is very nice for the passenger who wants to get off at a station where the train does n't pause.

WHAT IS the difference between a Rockaway bather and a Rockaway policeman? One faces the breakers, and the other braces the fakers.

BOSTON INEBRIATES never see snakes. They have ophidian hallucinations.

MEDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH is an exquisite composition; but it makes a spinster of thirty-five ache to hear it.

WE ARE TOLD that the time will come when the lion and the lamb will lie down together; but nothing is said about the bull or the bear being in on that deal.

IN SPITE OF PROHIBITION.



NOTHING IS RARER than the thing that happens but once, and Antiquity can usually be answered by a Modern Instance.

Quite recently there lived in Maine a man who took pleasure in defying the law, because it was the law.

Being in Maine, he naturally opposed Prohibition. For this purpose he utilized a small country store. His method was as follows:

At the back of the store was a slit, into which might be dropped a five-cent piece. Above this cupboard, when opened, would appear either

the slit was a little door, so arranged as to present to view a small cupboard; and in some small piece of fancy work, or a glass of malt liquor; the result depending upon the character of the customer.

If the customer had been entrusted with the secret of the cupboard, he would casually place his foot upon a small electric button in the floor, and the liquor would appear. If, however, the customer excited suspicion, or failed to press the button, there would be in the cupboard only some innocent trifle, a tidy, or a lamp-mat, or a bit of crazy patchwork. This element of uncertainty lent an interest which served to excuse the apparent uselessness of the device.

This storekeeper had a daughter, who was as the apple of his eye. She it was upon whom he depended for the operation of his little scheme for defrauding the Government. And she had a lover who, unknown to her, was a detective in the service of the Department of Internal Revenue.

One day, in the confidence of her maiden affection, she explained to her accepted lover the secret of the little cupboard. He pretended to doubt her word; but she explained to him that she sat behind the partition, and judged, by the conversation of those in the store, if it were safe to obey the signal given by the electric button.

"And will you be there to-morrow?" he asked, as he bade her farewell.

"Yes."

"Then," he said impressively, "I shall know whether to believe you. I shall give the signal; if it is as you say, I will marry you; but if you have deceived me, and the liquor is not forthcoming, I shall at once take my leave, and never see you again—for I shall think you unworthy of belief."

She promised that he should be satisfied, and he departed.

The next day the lovely young maiden was at her usual place behind the partition. She waited impatiently for the moment which should enable her to prove the truth of her statement to her lover. Judge, then, of her dismay, when she saw, through the narrow slit, by means of which she was accustomed to keep an eye upon the customers, her lover enter, accompanied by the Collector of Internal Revenue for the District, and heard him say to her father:

"I am credibly informed that you sell liquor here, and I propose to test

the matter. If you do, I have brought the Collector of Internal Revenue as a witness to your violation of the law, and I shall arrest you."

The storekeeper was silent—but cast an appealing glance toward where he knew his daughter to be sitting. Then the lover advanced, and, stepping upon the electric button, dropped a five-cent piece into the proper receptacle, and awaited the result.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the Lager come out of that door, or did the Tidy?

Tudor Jenks.

"OLD AGE steals on." There's Jack Von Seft,
At ninety, has just gone
To jail the seventh time for theft—
"Old age steals on."

THE RUSSIAN DUDE waxes his moustache with a candle.

EVEN UP.



"My love," he said, and parted back her hair,
That tossed in golden mists above her eyes;
"Ask me no more, but hear me while I swear—
You, you alone, I love. Will that suffice?"

"I have had fancies—yes—like other men—
Youth's blood is swift, and youth's warm dreaming roves—
My heart at last is fixed. Ah! spare me then
These questions as to other, earlier loves!"

"T is not for you, whose innocent young heart
Still hears the music of your childhood's chimes,
To understand—"

(She stopped him with a start.

"Don't go so fast. I've been engaged four times!")

Madeline S. Bridges.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO is always writing to know what to do in any emergency, wants to know what he should do if attacked by foot-pads in a dark alley. We should say that the proper thing would be to advertise for help.

A BURGLAR WHO WAS recently prostrated with lockjaw, cured himself by picking the lock.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE girl boasts of having the finest dried apple blossom collection in existence. We never before knew that the dried apple blossomed.

A CHICAGO GIRL, hearing the steam music at a merry-go-round, said she could not understand how Wagner could have such a pull with vulgar people.

THE ANCIENT QUESTION is now modified into: which is the heavier, a pound of feathers, or a pound of home-made sponge cake.

YOU CAN buy a pack of cards for twenty-five cents; yet every pack contains a tray of diamonds.

THERE IS a female pawnbroker in Chicago; but she is not a poor loan woman.

A CERTAIN NEW JERSEY farmer is so pious that he will not have a cribbage-board in the house. He uses a colander and a couple of matches.

IT TAKES a Russian scholar to rattle off the names of the stations on a Maine railroad.

MODESTY.

She stood upon the threshold of the sea
Where waves with one another strove in glee
To kiss her stocking.

A scant-clad youth, bare-armed, bare-legged, rushed by—
She blushed, paused where she stood, with downcast eye,
And said, "How shocking!"



OPEN TO SUSPICION.

GRAZIELLA

"GRAZIELLA" takes its absorbing interest from the fact that it is a "Story of Italian Love." It is always conceded that Italian love is the best sort of love. We would never think, for instance, of embarking in the love business ourselves, without taking a dark-eyed, lantern-jawed, sloping-browed Italian as a model and *maestro*. We would never think of it. We may be presumptuous and conceited, but we are not foolhardy. Of course, if we were going to embark in the engineering business, if we were going to write a calculus, or get our hair cut, or take a bath, we would seek a master of these arts among a different people; but in love—O the matchless romantic passion of an Italian's love!

Lamartine's charming story of Italian love opens with his charming self, at the charming and love-inspiring age of eighteen, about to visit certain Italian cities. He is ravished with the prospect, and he explains with boyish enthusiasm that "it was the tomb of Virgil and the cradle of Tasso that there attracted him."

Mart, as I shall boldly take the liberty of calling him, then gives a generous forty pages to a description of himself. He is "sensitive," "poetical," "profound," "philosophic." He is also "*rêveur*." Having enumerated these lofty qualities, Mart becomes so generous and so friendly with the world that he instantly introduces another character, Aymond, who, he says, is exactly like himself. The reader wonders and marvels how, after this, sorrow or discontent can exist in the universe.

Mart and Mondie visit Italy, where they take in the towns—in this way: they deposit their wisdom-burdened frames upon some instructive ruin or joy-inspiring tomb, and treat each other to recitations on the history of Art. They have it all down as pat as a magazine article, and they indulge in about the same patter. Being before the

tomb of an ancient statesman, they make damaging reflections on political leaders of the present; and they say things of Napoleon which, could he have heard them, would, without doubt, have caused that humble and painstaking gentleman the most severe mortification.

The book is half done, when, one evening at Naples, Mart and Mondie are discovered sitting on some humid ruins, watching the lights of fishing-smacks on the *golfe*. They think, how different this simple life to the agitated one they are leading! They weep, and ask their callous hearts, why not live the life the most rapproched to Nature? Yielding to these powerful thoughts, they return home, tearful and subdued; and on the following day they offer themselves as rowers to a pious and robust fisherman. This hearty—who, singularly enough, proves to be the grandfather of Graziella—approves the young men's choice of profession, and furnishes them with some reflections on the instability of life which do him immense credit.

The young men now enter into their life of simplicity. On their first visit to Graziella's home—during an opportune thunder-storm lasting seven days—the simplicity of these eighteen-year old philosophers would affect the most conventional. They eat figs and oranges; they walk out under the blue sky; they regard Vesuvius; they read; they meditate. If there is nothing else to do, they weep.

And now about Graziella. She comes into the story as often as Lamartine can spare a moment from himself. Sometimes she is gathering figs; sometimes she is

MERCHANT (to PARTNER).—Here's Hupenheimer, of Illinois, writes that there is a mistake of ten dollars in the footing of his bill.

PARTNER.—In his favor?

MERCHANT.—No, in ours. Honest man, eh?

PARTNER.—Does he send another order?

MERCHANT.—Yes, a big one.

PARTNER.—Better get a special rating from Bradstreet before shipping the goods.



tenderly putting to bed the lay figures of some children; sometimes going around barefooted and getting herself described; sometimes just simply weeping. She falls in love with Mart, softly, profoundly, as nature meant her to love. She does n't know that she loves, neither does Mart; but the reader knows it, because Mart tells him. She did not (being in a state of nature) demand candies and matinée tickets to feed her passions; she was satisfied to behold Mart weeping and meditating and eating figs. Making love in Italy is only a pastime.

One day Graziella asks the two friends (Mart and Mondie) why they leave their magnificent homes there, to live in these humble places here; and Mart replies that they are storing their minds with fancies which in the future will turn into poetry. Graziella falls in a fit.

In the evenings, seated around an olive-oil lamp, Mart reads to Graziella and the lay figures of the family, the story of *Paul et Virginie*. They all weep.

It is a touching tale.

Mart reads more, *en sanglotant*, and they weep again; they keep weeping; they cross over and weep, balance to partners and weep afresh.

On the evening when the story is finished, all participated in the emotion general. Mart explains why they wept.

"The sound, grave and drear, of my voice, suiting itself to the sadness of the words," he says, "fell into the soul with the accent of a *sein vide* where the heart no longer beats."

It must have been powerful, indeed; but the style of elocution is not so rarely practiced as Mart believed. It is extremely common with unhappy cats, and with high-school geniuses reading "Little Nell."

My learned readers may have observed in many stories a mountebank attempt on the part of their authors to create interest by what is called a plot.

There is no such flamboyant, crude device in Lamartine. He simply goes on approving nature and religion, eating figs, looking at Vesuvius, and weeping.

In the last chapter, Graziella dies. It must have been a happy release.

Mart, speaking twenty years later, says he has not forgotten her.

"Other hearts have opened themselves to me to reveal the mystic beauty of the feminine soul, but I have not forgotten Graziella."

Volumes could not speak more forcibly of the worth of Graziella. Lamartine himself could not speak more feelingly of Lamartine's power over the feminine soul.

One day, at a church in Paris, Mart sees the funeral of a young girl. He seems to think that we are interested in what so he saw, so he tells us about it.

"I cached myself behind a pillar; I thought, and I wept. Then I went home and wrote in one breath the verses *qui suivent*."

The verses then *suivent*. As, evidently, they took Mart two months to write, and two more to polish up, and as in the end they are terribly bad verses, one is filled with a wild, tremulous hope that he did indeed, and in very sooth, hold his breath while he wrote them.



ONE-HORSE POWER.

OUR ENERGETIC FOOTMAN.—If dem flies wan's ter be ser mighty busy, dey jes' well might help dis yer coon do hes wu'k!

Williston Fish.



IT IS NEVER too hot for an ancient, moth-eaten Boston philosopher to sit down on a sharp rock in the woods and go into the wildest ecstasies of rapture over the abstruse beauties of the Isness of the Which.

IF TWO HEADS are better than one, how is it that we are not a double-sculled race?

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to please some people. Chicago is ridiculed because it is not cultured, and Boston because it is.

THE GREATEST WORK of art is to make art pay.

EVEN IF MAHOMET refuse to go to the mountain, yet will the mountain-hotel circular come to Mahomet.

WOODCRAFT IS THE art of selling an ex-urbanite half a cord of chest-nut for a cord of hickory, when he is new to the rural districts.

A CLOUD OF DUST — Humanity.

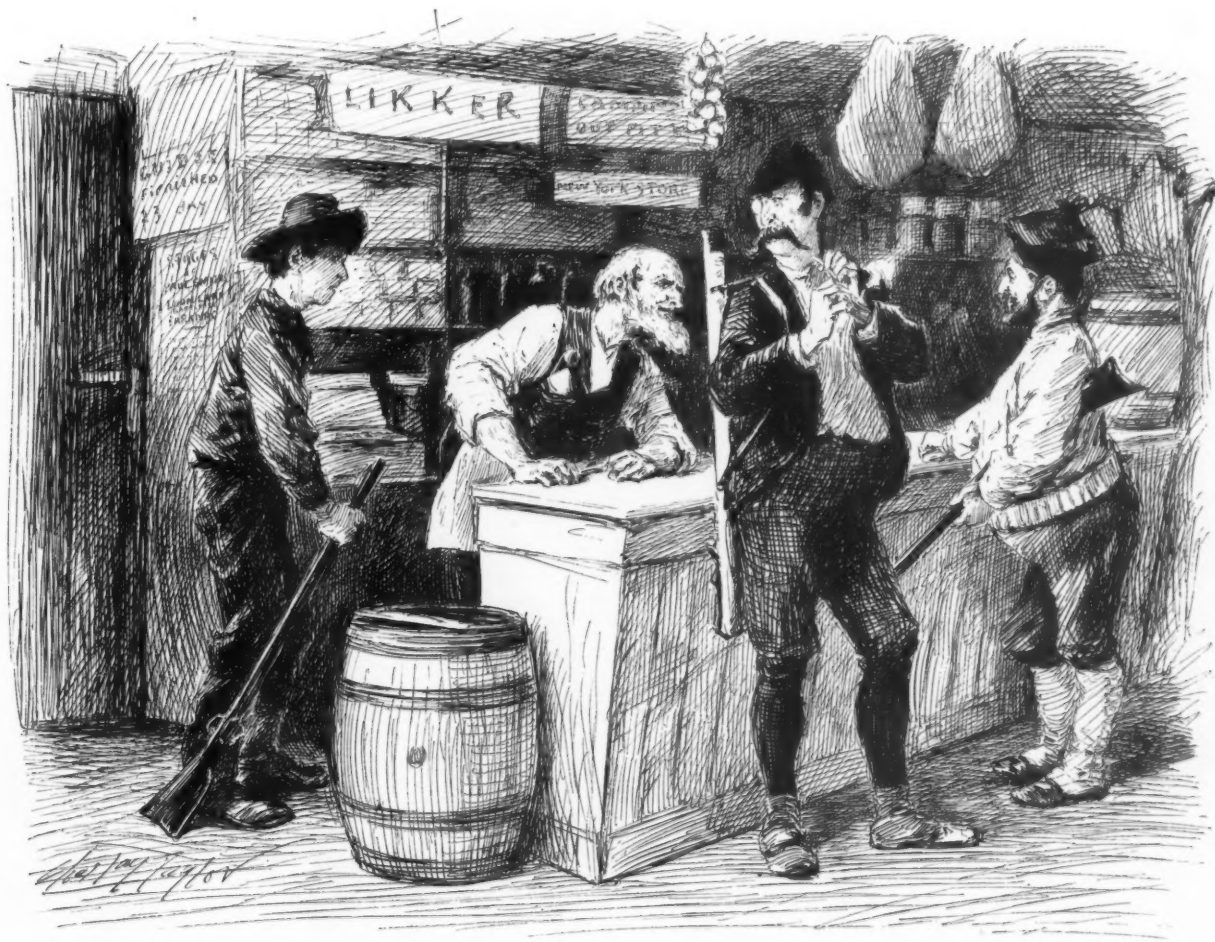
WHEN YOU handle a thing without gloves, look out for your fingers.

GRASS BLADES — Sickles.

IT'S A POOR PIANO that is not the best.

IT IS OFTEN unfair to judge a frame by the picture it encloses.

THERE IS A proud army mule down in Kentucky. He had three colonels shot over him.



AN ADIRONDACK IDYL.

MR. PIEPSEIT (*Brooklyn*).—Two *pousse cafés*, please.

MR. HANKS (*Hanks's Carry*).—Ain't got 'em, gents. How 'd a leetle panther's breath, sour mash sap, with 'lasses trimmin's sock yer? That 's th' nighest t' cats I kin give yer.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

CARPER.—Are you making notes of what you will touch upon to-night?
WYLEY (*a political speaker*).—No; I am making notes of what I must n't touch upon. The successful orator is he who knows what not to say, and has brains enough not to say it.

WHEN A COUNTRY TOWN puts on style, and gives you to understand that it is some great shakes, you can put it down as a nest of beats and fever and ague.

BASE-BALL PLAYERS, as well as they who go down into the sea in shells, should have sliding seats.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

UPSON DOWNES.—I find that I've got to run over to Philadelphia for a day or two, Kirby. Can you lend me twenty-five dollars?

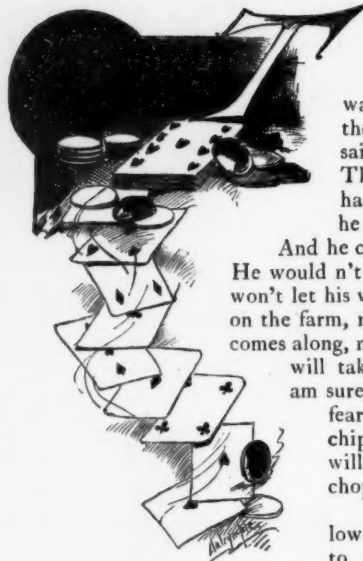
KIRBY STONE.—I s'pose I'll have to, although I'm short myself. Important business over there?

UPSON DOWNES.—No; it's a little pleasure trip.

THE RULING PASSION is said to be very strong in the Czar of Russia.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN does n't have to steal away from his devotions to angle on Sunday. He can go to church and have all the fly-fishing he wants.

A PREJUDICED GENTLEMAN.



HERE IS an old fellow in the town where I live who has a great horror of cards. I never saw a man so prejudiced. Last summer he went down to Coney Island, and was miserable all the way, because on the boat there was a full deck. I went with him. He said he could n't conscientiously go it alone. Then at the restaurant it was his treat, and we had to wait ever so long for the dinner, because he was opposed on principle to ordering it up.

And he carries his prejudice to such ridiculous lengths. He would n't take a legacy that came from his aunty; he won't let his wife wear diamonds; not a spade will he allow on the farm, nor a poker in the house; and when a tramp comes along, no matter how saucy, the old gentleman never will take a club to him. He has a kind heart, but I am sure that troubles him. He is not lazy; but, for fear of seeing the chips fly, nothing will induce him to chop wood.

He will not allow his little boy to be taught to draw; and on one

occasion insulted a young man, simply because he asked for his daughter's hand. He won't cut an acquaintance, no matter how much he may feel affronted; nor, when about to start on a journey, will he pack.

Speaking of hands also reminds me that he once hired an Irishman to work about the place, but discharged him very soon. On account of his being a poor hand, the old gentleman declared he could not possibly stand Pat.

He is religious, mainly that he will have nothing to do with the de'il; but what that poor old prejudiced gentleman will do when he passes in his chips, I am sure I can not tell; and it goes to my heart to think of his horror, when, at the last (as we are led to believe), Gabriel shall blow his trump. H. G.

AFTER A RUSSIAN has once mastered his native language, he finds no difficulty in cracking hickory nuts with his teeth.

CONNECTICUT is a small state, but it makes more Havana cigars in a month than Cuba does in a year.

IT IS ALL right to say that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; but if the fishermen are to be believed, there are better fish in the sea than ever were caught. Somehow the finest fish always manage to drop off before they can be landed.

WOMAN'S WORK is never done. The reason of this is that she hires a servant-girl to do it. This may be a trifle obscure, but the germs of eternal truth are in its bosom.

A CASH CONSIDERATION.

My beautiful blossom, Babe Marjory dear,
She came when the blossoms were rosy last year;
She is fair as the blooms that e'en now by my door
Are spreading the apple and cherry trees o'er.



She is sweet—yet one fancy I can not repress,
Although it occasions a certain distress—
If a man had to care for the blooms on the trees,
As he does for the blossoms that crawl on their knees,
He'd be willing to linger some time in the snows
Just to save on the shoes that wear out at the toes.

KLEPTOMANIA IN ART.



CARPER.—I don't exactly know how to express it, Bichimen, but your pictures don't seem to have any background to them.

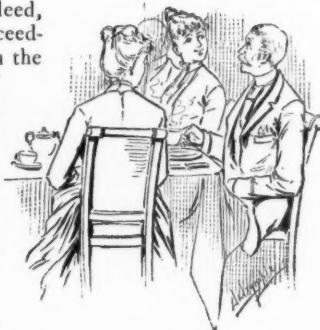
MR. GARRETT ROOME.—Yes, indeed, Miss Nuborder, my tastes are exceedingly quiet. Ah, let me hand you the catsup; you will find it very nice!

MRS. HAMONEG.—I'm so glad you like it; it is home-made. I should have put up more of it, if I had had more bottles.

MR. GARRETT ROOME.—You will find a number in my room, Mrs. Hamoneg. You are quite welcome to them.

MISS NUBORDER.—Yes, Mr. Roome was just saying that he was a man of quiet tastes.

(Lull, during which voices in the kitchen are audible.)



THE MISSES NUBORDER (on the porch).—Good evening, Mr. Roome. You are home early.

MR. GARRETT ROOME.—Good evening, ladies—yes. By the way, ladies, I have a conundrum for you. Why are you like rag-pickers?

MISSES NUBORDER.—Rag-pickers? Oh, why, Mr. Roome?

MR. GARRETT ROOME.—Because you are always on the stoop.

MISS NUBORDER (icily).—Quite worthy of you, sir.

MISS NINA NUBORDER.—Idiot!

WHERE HE GOT IT.

MAJOR SMITH.—Colonel Jones, can you tell me where General Robinson got his military title?

COLONEL JONES.—Certainly, sir. He was general ticket agent at Kalamazoo, Mich., for six years.

IT IS RATHER an equivocal compliment to wish a newspaper, on any anniversary of its birth, many happy returns.

THE CHAFF of the joker is the comic paper's wheat.



BICHIMEN.—I'm aware of it, my boy. My friends come up before the paint is dry, and take it all away with them. They always look better on white doe-skin, though!

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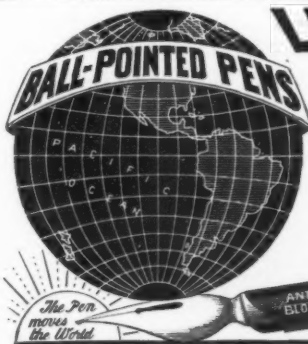
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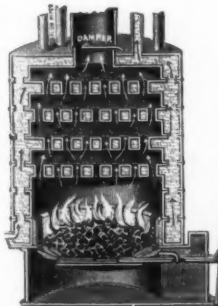
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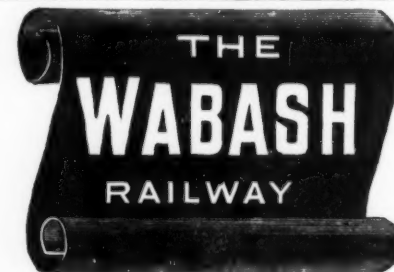
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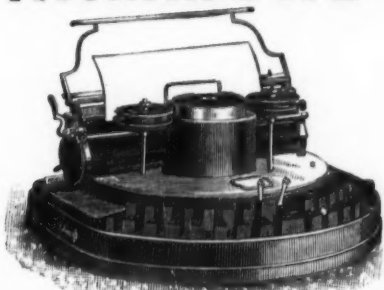
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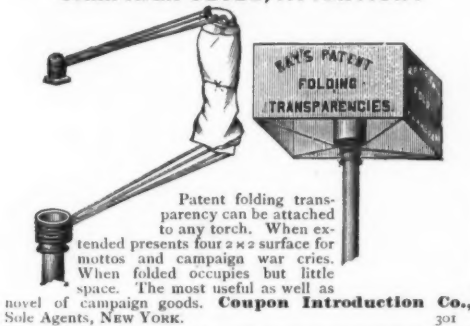
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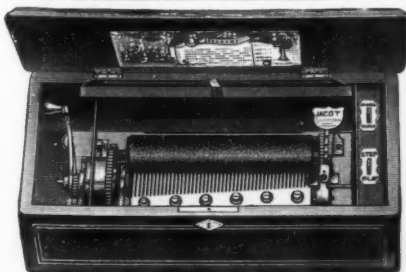
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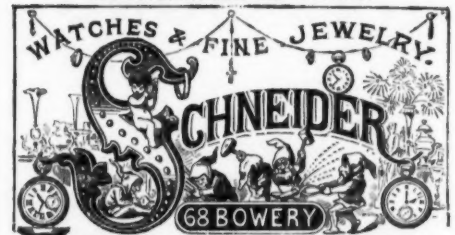
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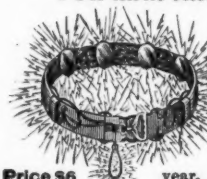
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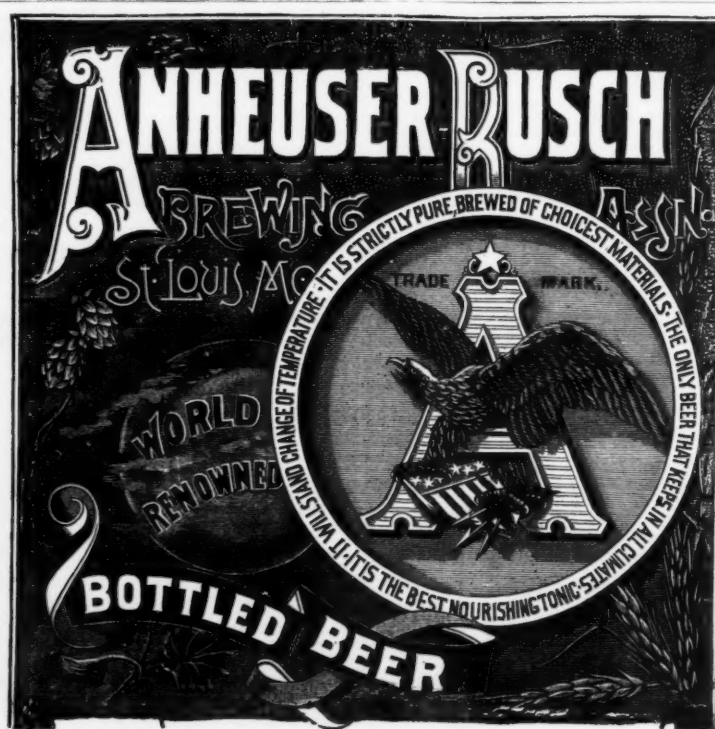
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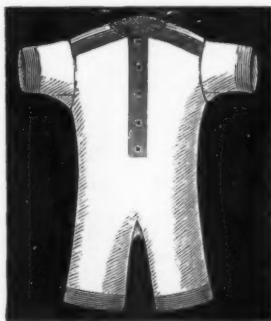
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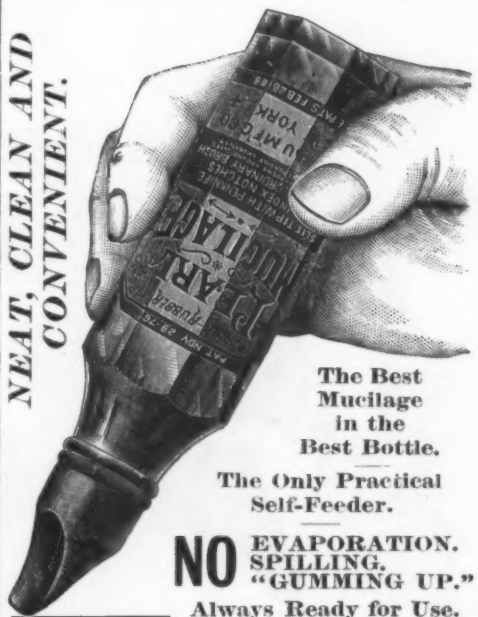
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